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SHORT STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR HOME AND TRAIN

No. 629. FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 19TH, 1901. [ONE PENNY.

A Boon to Dyspeptics.

Quoted from "The Lady."

"In these high pressure days when men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own in the great battle of life, it is the exception rather than the rule to find anyone who does not suffer from that insidious and most distressing complaint—Dyspepsia—in one form or another. The most general symptoms of this disease—for it invariably develops into a disease if its progress remains unchecked—are Loss of Appetite on most occasions, varied by craving desires for food which is extremely indigestible; fearful depression of Spirits, together with various aches and pains in nearly every part of the body; the digestive organs refuse to perform their offices in a perfect manner, and, if neglected, the result is too often apparent in the contraction of cancer or tumour in the Stomach, abscess on the Liver, and many serious internal complications. The great remedies for these evils, if taken when Dyspepsia has not yet assumed its later and, in fact, fatal phases, are a really good tonic and a careful diet, combined with sensible health precautions; but hitherto no entirely satisfactory tonic for Dyspeptics has been discovered, as most preparations of the kind contain iron or quinine in some form, which, though valuable preparations in many cases, are devoid of digestive qualities. The preparation known as Guy's Tonic is, however, a wonderfully efficacious remedy. It is entirely free from iron, and therefore does not induce Constipation, a most important consideration. It contains no quinine either, but is composed of Vegetable tinctures from the 'British Pharmacopœia,' and is prepared from the formula of a London physician. It is more than a tonic, as besides strengthening the whole Nervous System and correcting a Sluggish Liver, it assists the process of Digestion in a very great degree; moreover it is pleasant to take."

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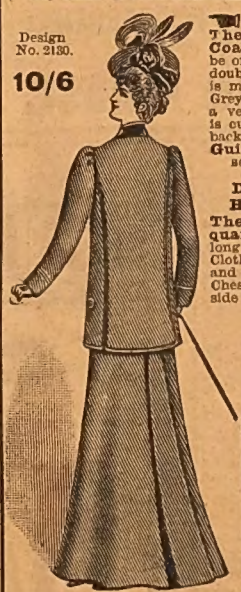

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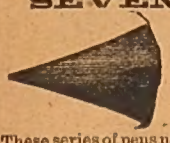

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SHORT STORIES

No. 629.] [ONE PENNY.

For the Week Ending January 19th, 1901.

BALLARAT JEMMY.

"Boy, bring me another cheroot!"

I had breakfasted luxuriously off roast fowl and curries innumerable, and, last but not least, a bottle of beer, cooled and refreshed in wet cloths hung in the wind.

Prefaces are laborious; let me put the matter briefly. Time, about half past twelve; place, on the borders of the district of Kegalle, in Ceylon; *dramatis personæ*, myself, aged twenty-eight, not troubled with humility, believing myself the most rising member of the Ceylon Civil Service, to which I have the honour to belong, and mightily proud of my district (Kegalle, as aforesaid), to the charge of which I had recently been appointed.

I was now on circuit work, and from six till eleven that morning I had been hard at work settling land claims of the natives; I had ridden fourteen miles, and walked about six, floundering through paddy fields and tramping through low scrub jungle alternately, so that I considered that I had well earned my bottle of beer at breakfast, a luxury which I never allowed myself except when on circuit in the district; for I had due regard for my liver, and intended to give the Service the benefit of all my energies for as many years as possible; good people were scarce, therefore I drank nothing stronger than claret when I was at my head-quarters in the town of Kegalle itself.

"Look sharp with that cheroot, boy!" I call again. And soon I am leaning back in a comfortable chair in

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the Rest House, with my second cheroot well alight, watching the blue smoke from my manilla with the just satisfaction of a man privileged by toil to be lazy for a while.

Behind me, in the outhouses of the Rest House, I hear the hum of voices from my servants and the peons who are eating their rice and curry placidly, while there is a measured thud, thud, of paddy being pounded for my horses, who neigh little, short, expectant neighs at the welcome sound. Before me a dusty road, white and hot in the noonday tropical sun; a long stretch of paddy field; and away behind them the quiet hills loom up against the cloudless sky, steep rising in verdant splendour of untouched virgin jungle, with here and there a clearing where some coffee estate proclaims civilisation, money-making and vandalism marring the world-old beauty of forest and hill.

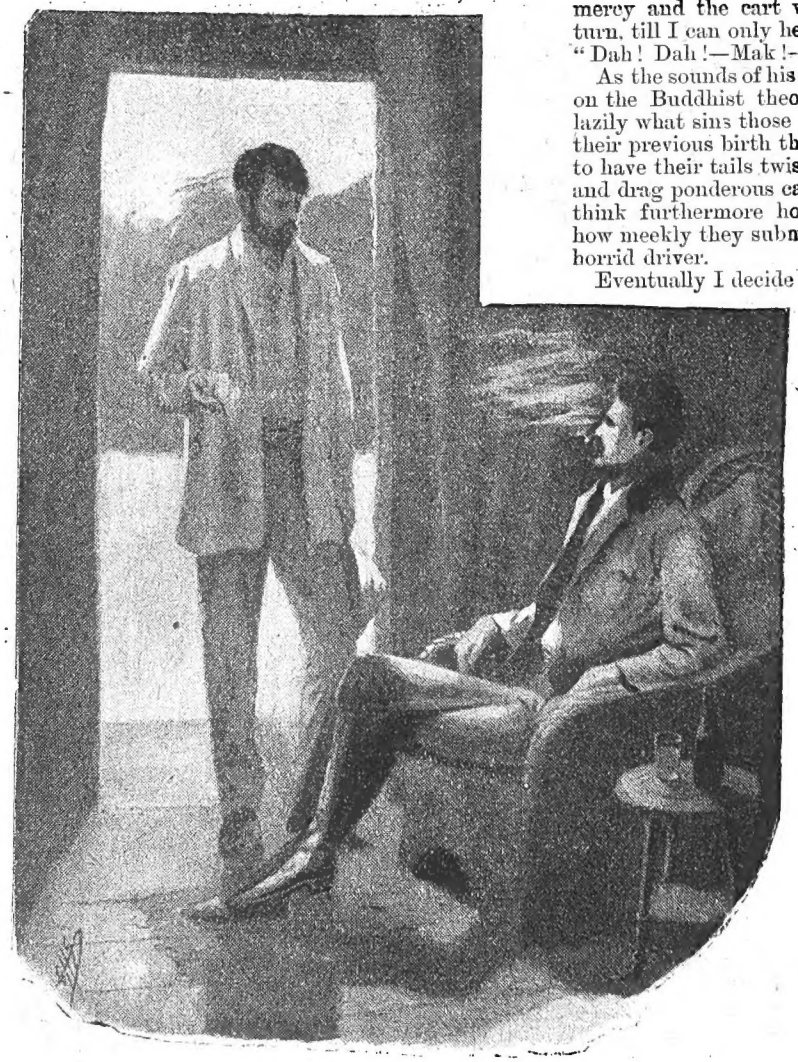
In the cool trees around the Rest House squirrels chirp and call, and gorgeous butterflies float lazily; while just in front of me a woodpecker, rich in crimson and speckled brown and red, hangs and swings and taps the twigs of a great suriya tree with his long beak; and a pretty humming-bird fly-catcher flits backwards and forwards dealing death among the countless flies that hum under the shadow of the trees.

I watch him over my cheroot with his deft curved length of bill; once he has a great fight with a butterfly which he tries to devour; but the butterfly is three times as big as he is, and sails away triumphantly over the trees into the road.

Presently a bullock-cart comes toiling and creaking along the road, the driver shrieking and swearing at his bullocks as only Singhalese bullock-drivers can—"Mak! Mak!—Dah!—Pita!—You sons of seven low-caste dhoby-women!—Mak!—Dah!" he yells in his high nasal voice, twisting the tails of the poor brutes as they struggle painfully up the steep road, with their patient necks bowed down by the heavy yoke. But the man has no mercy and the cart winds slowly out of sight round a turn, till I can only hear the yells of the driver faintly: "Dah! Dah!—Mak!—Mak!—Pita!—Dah!"

As the sounds of his abuse die away I fall to meditating on the Buddhist theory of transmigration. I wonder lazily what sins those poor bullocks had committed in their previous birth that they should be born again now to have their tails twisted more than half off their backs, and drag ponderous carts up heavy, dusty hills. And I think furthermore how patiently they bear it all, and how meekly they submit to the shrill nagging of that horrid driver.

Eventually I decide that their next birth will be in a higher circle and to better things; perhaps their present long-suffering will be rewarded by their being born hereafter as Singhalese drivers themselves, while their driver will be born in his turn as a bullock; and I am considering whether they too would twist tails and yell and swear, when I heard the sharp trotting of a horse down the road, and in another minute an Englishman—a coffee-planter clearly—has drawn rein opposite to the Rest House, and is talking to one of my peons, who is swaggering on the roadside after his breakfast, showing off his belt and badge before some women and large-eyed children, taking a chew of betel condescendingly from the prettiest of the young mothers, in return for some enormous lie which he has been telling them concerning the greatness of his master and by consequence of himself.



The planter comes up looking very hot and tired, and is introducing himself to me.

The peon drops his swagger, and is submissively answering the planter; then I see him direct him to the Rest House, and the planter comes up looking very red and tired, and is introducing himself to me.

"My name is MacFarlane,"

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he says, "and I am very glad to have met you. I was posting into Kegalle for the District Judge, on a sad business; but you are a Justice of the Peace, are you not? and if you can kindly come with me it will save a great deal of time and a long ride."

"Yes. I am a Justice of the Peace," I answer, "though I don't do the judicial work of the district. I am the Government agent, you know." (We Revenue-officers rather look down on the judicial branch of the Civil Service, be it known.)

"So your peon told me; but if you can come with me I shall be most awfully obliged," and the planter mops his streaming forehead and looks terribly hot, poor fellow.

I take pity on him.

"Come in and have some beer; you seem quite knocked up. You can tell me what is the matter while you are drinking it, and I will see if I can help you."

He accepts gratefully, and empties a bottle of beer at a draught.

"That is a relief to a weary man," he says; "now let me tell you all about it. Well, there has been a poor neighbour of mine who has died last night from an overdose of laudanum. He was a queer, rough, hard-up sort of man—an Australian Yankee—and he and another man of the same cut, whom we always call Ballarat Jemmy, came over from Australia a few years ago, and bought an estate next to mine. We never saw much of them, though; they kept quite to themselves, living on nothing but cheese and brandy, I believe; chiefly brandy; and they got harder up, and less sociable, and less respectable every year, till we hardly knew they existed. But this morning, poor Ballarat Jemmy came rushing over to my bungalow, saying he had murdered Jock—that is Jock Braun, his partner, the dead man. I asked him what he meant, and how he had done it; and he said that Jock had been wild for days with toothache, and at last he had found some laudanum, and made him take it, and he must have taken an over-dose.

"Anyhow, he is dead; and poor Ballarat is drinking himself mad, and vows he is the man's murderer. I got some of the neighbours together, and we talked to Ballarat, and told him it was an accident, and no murder; and he won't let us bury the body, but insists on an inquest, and says a magistrate must be brought, and that he will give himself up as Jock's murderer, and be hanged. So at last I rode off for a magistrate, and I am heartily glad I met you on the road. I do hope you will come with me."

I thought a minute.

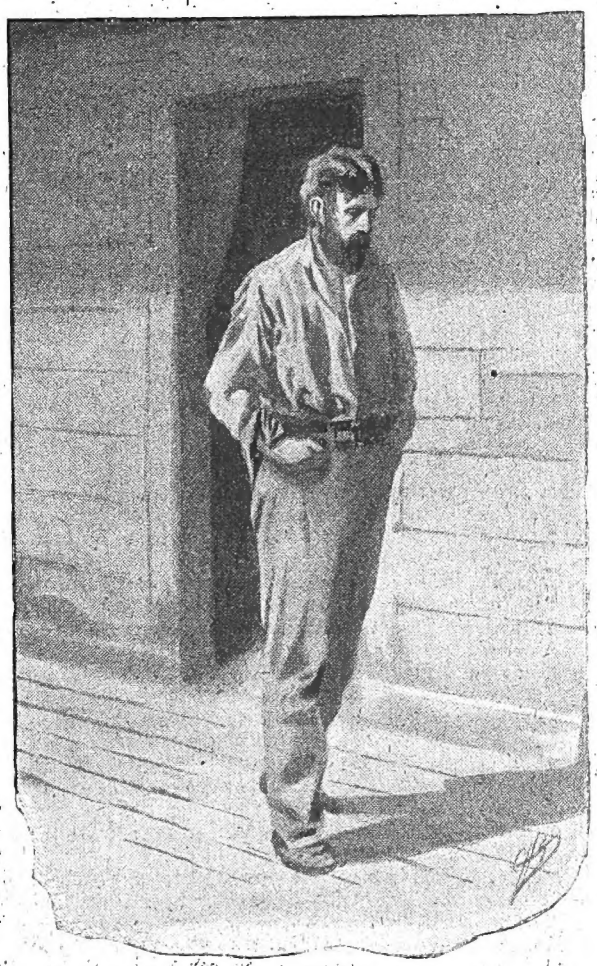
"How far is it?" I ask.

"Sixteen miles. I will gladly give you a bed for the night if you can come."

"Thanks. Yes, I will come and see if I can do any good. It is no murder, of course, if the facts are as you have told me; but I am a coroner among other things, you know, and we can have an inquest and relieve the poor fellow's mind."

A few hasty orders to my servants about bringing on my baggage, and Mr. Macfarlane and I are riding off together up the road, towards the hills which I had been watching so lazily half-an-hour ago, on past the patient bullocks and their driver, steadily cantering up the winding, zig-zag road, until at last Mr. Macfarlane's horse gave in, and the rest of the journey was performed at foot's pace.

Eventually we come to an estate, with its long, regular lines of neatly-kept coffee bushes sloping up from the road, and tidy coolie buildings with laughing, black babies, and baby nurses hardly bigger than themselves, crawling and rolling about on the stamped mud floors, playing with goats and pariah dogs twice their own size, while the fathers and mothers and brothers are away at work.



He kept on walking restlessly up and down the verandah.

When they see Mr. Macfarlane they laugh and call out at him, and some of the bigger ones come running towards him; but they stop when they see my stranger face.

"This is my estate," says he; "we have not far to go now."

Then he throws some small money to the children, and babies and baby nurses and goats and dogs all mix up in a general scramble, the nurses rolling over the babies, and the dogs playing high jinks with the little, black, sprawling legs and arms, while the goats jump and prance with their stiff-looking, stupid legs.

"Happy little beggars, aren't they?" says Mr. Macfarlane. "I always say my coolies are the best in the district. Nothing like looking after them well."

I am still watching a small nurse of some five years old lugging a baby of as many months out of the way of a big pig which has come up to see what the excite-

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ment is about, when we turn a sudden corner in the road, and I hear Mr. MacFarlane saying:

"There, that is the bungalow we are bound for."

And away on the top of the next hill I see a small single bungalow, and soon we are passing more coolie lines and more children; but such a contrast to those we had just left; ragged, untidy buildings, and squalling, quarrelling children fighting all over the place.

"I see this estate is like its masters," I remark; "I suppose these men don't look after their belongings as you do."

"No; poor Ballarat Jemmy is too fond of the bottle, and the dead man was worse; and they had no money much, poor fellows, and the estate is gone to the dogs, and the coolies, too; they struck work the other day—had not had any pay for six months, I heard."

"I wonder the coolies stopped on the estate so long without their money; how did they manage?" I ask.

"Oh, the coolies trusted them—it is only an odd man in a hundred does not pay up; but then when one man does smash he does no end of harm to the rest of us. But here we are!"

And, as we ride up, I see nine or ten men sitting at one end of the verandah, neighbours who had come in at the news to see what they could do for poor Ballarat Jemmy in his trouble. But they could do nothing. Ballarat would not let them touch the body till a magistrate had come. As each man had arrived, he had come out to meet the new-comer with a bottle of brandy and a pot of tobacco.

"You meant all square in coming, I don't doubt," he said to each, "but you can't do nowt; I ain't a-going to have a thing touched till the beak comes, and he may do as he likes then. So just you sit you down there and leave me alone; I'm kinder dazed; here's brandy and here's baccy: I ain't got no soda water; can't afford it; but the brandy's good, and so's the baccy; so sit you down, and leave me alone; I'm kinder dazed; kinder dazed, I am."

He had said this in a sort of set speech to each arrival, and the men had gradually congregated together and taken refuge in their pipes, whispering and wondering a good deal, but growing gradually comforted with the soothing fumes, and waiting for the magistrate patiently in quiet expectation and subdued excitement of a house of death. Now and again one of them had called to Ballarat Jemmy, advising him to join them and have a pipe himself for comfort's sake. But he would not be talked to.

"Leave me alone, and sit you down, can't you?" he would say. "I'm kinder dazed, I am; kinder dazed."

And all that day he kept on walking restlessly up and down the verandah, with his hands rammed down sullenly in his trousers' pockets, and his head sunk forward on his chest, pacing backwards and forwards unceasingly like a beast in a cage, stopping only at times for a great drink of raw brandy.

When he saw our horses he came out to us.

"You'll be the beak, sir," he says in a queer, submissive way to me.

I hardly know what to answer. I tell him how sorry I am to hear of his trouble, and I ask if I may come in.

"Yes, yes; come in. I give myself up to you—I murdered him—he's in there, he is; poor Jock, you know," and he jerks his thumb over his shoulder to a closed window; "mayhap MacFarlane has told you as how I killed him?" he continues.

"I hope you are distressing yourself very needlessly," I answer encouragingly: "Mr. MacFarlane has told me that your poor friend has died from an overdose of udanum while he had bad toothache. As I understand the matter, all that you did was to advise him to take the laudanum. It was his own fault that killed him. It was all an accident, was it not?"

"Ay, ay; but he wouldn't have took it if I hadn't give it him; and we've been chums together fourteen year—fourteen year, Jock and I—and now I've killed him," and he hiccoughed, and turned unsteadily to lead the way into the bungalow. Mr. MacFarlane looks at me.

"He's more drunk than I ever saw him, poor wretch," he whispers; "as a rule he can drink all day and never show it. I think you had better have the inquest, and get it all over as soon as possible."

As we enter the verandah there is a great introducing of me all round to the batch of men who had been sitting there; some are nice gentlemanly fellows, some rough, very rough indeed. I make up a coroner's jury out of them, and they begin to look very important.

"Has anyone a Bible to take the oaths upon?"

There is a blank look from man to man, and two or three men begin to rummage through the bungalow in search of one.

Ballarat Jemmy is walking up and down the verandah again now, a strange melancholy picture, with his rough shaggy beard and hair, and dirty red flannel shirt, and queer baggy trousers. He mutters incessantly to himself as he walks:

"Fourteen years, fourteen years; we were together fourteen years, Jock and I—down at Ballarat I met him first—fourteen years; and now I've been and murdered him!"

Presently he stops suddenly, and comes up to us.

"I ask your pardon, Mister Magistrate, and yours too, MacFarlane; I clean forgot the liquor; I'm kinder dazed, you see; but here's the brandy; liquor up, gentlemen, liquor up. I ain't got no soda, but the brandy's good."

Then he goes on with his restless walk, up and down, up and down the long verandah. One of the men who has been hunting for a Bible goes up to him.

"I say, Ballarat, have you got such a thing as a Bible in the bungalow? The magistrate wants one to swear us upon."

"Fourteen years, fourteen years," he is muttering, "fourteen years, old Jock and me—eh? What? a Bible? No, there ain't no Bible here, I guess; I ain't seen a Bible for many a day."

In my pocket I have a small prayer-book, which I always carry with me; it was given me by my mother, when I went to school; and I am superstitious about it, and never part from it.

"I have a prayer-book; as we can't get a Bible, I will swear you on the prayer-book," I tell them.

And now my jury is sworn, and we go in to view the body. The dead man is lying grim and ghastly in a squalid, ill-kept room; he is lying over on his stool; on the stool is a nearly empty bottle of laudanum, a bottle of brandy, and a bottle of Bunter's nervine.

"The bottle of nervine looks as if the story about the toothache were true, gentlemen," I remark to the jury. "Now for examining the witnesses."

But there was little in the way of evidence to be taken. The servant was examined, and deposed that the dead man had been mad with toothache for some days. He had drunk a great deal of brandy; because of the pain, he supposed; but he always drank a great deal.

He did not know what time the dead master had gone to bed, but early this morning, when he was boiling the kettle, he heard the other master calling out, and he showed him this master dead.

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No one else knew anything, except Ballarat Jemmy himself. Was he willing to give evidence?

"Yes, in course he would tell all he knew."

He took the prayer-book in his hand to be sworn; then suddenly he stopped, and turned to me.

"Is this here right, Mister Magistrate? Ought I to be swore? You see as how I'm the prisoner; prisoner at the bar, for murder," he hiccoughed. "They don't swear prisoners, do they?"

I explain to him that he is not a prisoner at all; that the whole thing is clearly an accident, and that he may be sworn like any other man. But he is obstinate.

"I murdered him! Poor Jock! I'm a prisoner. I'll none be swore."

So we humour him, and take his statement instead.

"We were together fourteen year, Jock and me," he says; "I met him at the diggings, at Ballarat, down in Australia; we smashed up there, we did; digging didn't pay, digging didn't. Well, we were main cleared out, but we had no money to go anywhere else with, and so we held on, digging and digging till one day the luck turned, and we made a good bit. We went on the spree then, and made the money fly fine—lived in first-class hotels, and drove a pair o' spanking horses. Then Jock got D.T. badly, real bad he was. And the money was getting low, and we were wondering what to do next, when we met a chap from Ceylon, and he put us on to coffee planting—Eh? you don't want all this yarn, don't you?—only about poor Jock's death? Well, it was three days ago now, as Jock got toothache awful bad; he got kinder mad, poor fellow, and couldn't get drunk nohow, though he drank and drank all he could to drown the pain. Then we wrote down for some stuff to cure him, and the shop people sent that Bunter's nervine; but it wasn't no good, none at all. It may be rare good stuff for an ordinary man, but nothing would have done poor Jock no good. But last night I was sitting making up some cartridges, and I came across an old bottle of laudanum. So I says to Jock, 'try this, old man, it may put you off to sleep and give you some rest from the darned pain.' And he took it with him and went off to bed. Well, I turned in myself soon after. And in the morning I got up, and went round to see how he was, and he was lying just like that—just like that; and I've been kinder dazed ever since—killed *him*, my old chum!—and we was together fourteen year, him and me! What do you say to *that*, gentlemen?"

And he looks round on us half-defiantly.

A servant came in with a note for me.

"There is nothing to say except that it is very sad and very unfortunate," I answer; "and do try and relieve your mind about your having killed the poor fellow; I am sure you may absolve yourself of all blame in the matter."

"No; I killed him sure enough. I give him the laudanum, and I ought to have seen him take it, and not to have left him to himself. It's my fault, clear enough!"

"Well, we will leave it to the jury. What is your verdict, gentlemen?"

"Death from an overdose of laudanum taken accidently while in pain. And we acquit Mr. James Fergusson of all blame," was the ready reply.

Ballarat Jemmy st od looking doubtfully.

"Mr. James Fergusson! Well, that's me right enough, but I ain't heard that name long enough? And so you won't punish me, eh?"

There was a murmur of voices trying to comfort him, but he turned away sullenly.

"I wish that you'd hang me and have done with me!" he burst out passionately once.

It was necessary to arrange about the funeral without delay. A man is dying, dead, and buried, all within twenty-four hours in the tropics.

There was no churchyard or cemetery nearer than Kegalle, and it was impossible to take the poor body so far as that. Ballarat was spoken to about it.

"We want no churchyard, him and me; we shouldn't know where we was, not in a churchyard. Lay him out in the coffee—under them trees, over there, we was always fond of looking at those trees from the verandah of an evening," and he pointed to a clump of tall satin-wood trees, which stood up grandly against the evening sky. I take a turn outside while the men are arranging for the burial. Away under the trees the coolies are already hard at work digging the grave. From the jungle beyond deep voices of birds come weirdly, striking jarringly on my ear. I think of the sweet song of the thrushes and blackbirds at home, so different from this deep "whoop, whoop, whoop," of hoarse-throated jungle birds. And inside the bungalow that dead form, and that poor drunken, miserable Ballarat, and the brandy bottles, and the wretched furniture—Bah! It makes my flesh creep!

Mr. MacFarlane comes up to me shortly.

"We have laid the poor fellow out and wrapped him in a sheet," he says, "there is no coffin or anything; it is very horrid, is it not? I shall be thankful when it is all over!"

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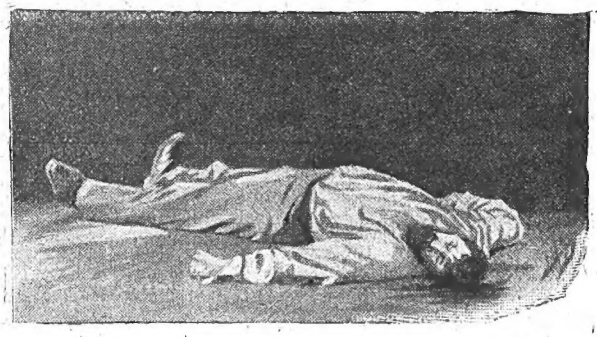
"So shall I!" I ejaculate.

"And there was one thing particularly uncanny;" Mr. MacFarlane proceeds, "you remember that one arm was lying over the side of the bed?—well, when we tried to straighten him, this arm kept rising up, time after time; he was so rigid."

I shudder, and pull hard at my cheroot, and say nothing.

Presently, they bring the sheeted figure outside, and a procession is formed silently, Ballarat walking in front, twitching his hands nervously, but not uttering a sound.

As we draw near the grave, bright zodiacal rays shoot up from the sun which has just sunk behind the hills,



He had shot himself through the head.

and the whole sky burns and flames like a sapphire on fire. I am asked to read a few prayers, and I have just finished saying the Lord's Prayer, and two out of the Burial Service, when Ballarat calls out suddenly:

"Hold hard a bit!"

Then he runs off quickly to the bungalow, while a couple of men follow him to see what is the matter.

But in a moment he re-appears, with a bottle of brandy and a tumbler; and, before our wondering disgust had realised the situation, he pours out a great draught.

"I've forgot the water, but never mind, I won't keep you while it comes, gentlemen," he says.

Then he goes on:

"When a man's friend is going a journey, gentlemen, a man always drinks to his luck before he starts, don't he?—well, you see Jock, he's going a long journey now I reckon; and I should not like to let him go without wishing him luck!"

He brushes a great tear from his cheek with his dirty trembling hand, and stands over his dead friend; then he turns down the sheet from the still face and stands looking at it quietly for a few seconds.

At last, raising the glass high over his head, he calls out in a loud voice:

"Good-bye, Jock! Good-bye, old man! We've been together fourteen years, Jock, you and me; and you're going away from me now, Jock, clean away, and I'm main sorry, old man, and it's all my own fault as killed you! But you won't bear me no ill-will, Jock? I never meant no harm—you know that right enough? Good-bye, old man! We'll be meeting again soon, I reckon, somewhere, I don't rightly know where, but here's luck to you, Jock, here's luck to you, old man, wherever you are!"—and he drains the dram at a draught. "Now bury him," he says, and turns away.

But at this moment a cry of horror burst from the coolies. Slowly and weirdly the dead man's arm rises up, thrusting aside all coverings, till it stretches forth grim and ghastly—towards Ballarat.

He had turned sharply back again, hearing the disturbance. For a minute he stands gazing stupidly; then he mutters, "He's a-calling me," and he goes up solemnly and takes the dead hand in his, and stands speechless.

A chill of horror makes me dizzy and faint. We all stand spell-bound, watching the hideous scene. I hear Mr. MacFarlane giving hurried directions to one coolie who had not fled with the others; he is explaining that it is the rigid arm which they had had so much trouble with recently; it has risen up again, and has gone back to its old attitude, as it had lain stretched over the bedside.

Meanwhile Ballarat stands silently holding the dead hand in his own, gazing away to the paling sky in the west with a strange, fixed gaze, quite different to the stupid stare of his face before.

The tears course rapidly down his cheeks for a while. Then he moves suddenly away.

"God bless you, Jock!" he murmurs.

* * * * *

How we finished that hideous funeral I hardly know. My brain was sick with the morbid horror of it all.

But a hospitable and bright dinner with Mr. MacFarlane at his pretty bungalow had somewhat revived me, and we were cheering ourselves with a rubber of whist with a couple of other planters who had come home with Mr. MacFarlane, when a servant came in with a note for me.

I opened it, and with some difficulty spelt it out.

SIR,—I was riting to Mr. MacFarlin, but thort it wood be better to rite to you, being a Magistrat. You all saw as how poor Jock called me to come to him. I made up my mind as I stood holding his hand over the grave. I like to say that I did myself what I'm a-going to do now. No one can say as I done it from cowardice; bacos you all acquitted me of murder. I'm a-doing it becos Jock called me to come; that is all. Me and him have been mates fourteen years, and I reckon he can't do without me, an I wants me with him. He wood a-come after me if I had gone first, so I'm just going after him. I'm sorry to take up so much of your time, sir; but I want you to come when you get this, an I bury me by Jock, so as we may be together.

You will find Brandy on the table. I've only got three bottles left, but I hope you will find it enough,

Your obedent servant,
JAMES FERGUSSON.

"From Ballarat Jemmy," exclaimed Mr. MacFarlane, as I read the letter aloud. "He's going to kill himself! Heaven grant we may be in time to stop it!"

We set off in hot haste through the night for poor Ballarat's bungalow, going the quickest way, but the fellow was quite dead when we arrived. He had sent his servant away with the letter to me, and then he had shot himself through the head. On the table, placed under one of the brandy bottles, was an open sheet of paper.

Please do as I arsked you in my letter.

That was all—all except the poor body on the floor, and the gun that did the deed.

We laid him with poor Jock that very night, lighted by the bright, quiet moon.

The next day I left Mr. MacFarlane, and went on with my regular circuit work; but the memory of that scene haunted me for many a long day, and I never saw the great quiet moon shining over the still hills where the Coffee Estates lay without thinking sadly enough of poor Ballarat Jemmy.

JAMES HARBER.

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FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

THE wind howled and whistled mournfully round the houses, making people involuntarily shiver and edge their chairs nearer to the fire. Seated in a house in the Belvedere Road was a man, young, yet looking prematurely old. The fire in his room had gone completely out, yet, cold though it was, Edward Saxon did not feel it. The chill which he felt was at his heart. Two days ago he had been one of the happiest men in creation—happy in the possession of a lovely wife and a bonny, prattling, three-year-old daughter. Now his home was left to him desolate, his wife and child had gone. He had been away on a visit to a friend. On his return he had found the house silent and deserted.

Dreading he knew not what he rushed from room to room, but all he found was a note addressed to himself.

"Dear Edward," said the letter, "the longing for the old life has overcome me. The life you offered me seemed attractive in its restfulness at first, but now it has grown dull and monotonous. No society, no excitement, nothing but long dissertations on your medical theories. Had you not been so utterly absorbed in these you might have noticed my growing discontent. I have tried to rouse you, but no, you were too deep in those musty tomes. I accepted an offer abroad a month ago. Long before you arrive back from your visit I shall be gone, and Gladys will go with me. With me she will have the pleasures and joys of childhood, whereas, had I left her she would have grown up dull and old-fashioned, even if not neglected, while you were endeavouring to probe the recesses of your fellow creatures' brains. Finally, I loved you, Edward, until you let your studies shut me out of your inmost life. then the love of the old life came back with redoubled force and I am now going to tread the boards again, but under a new name and in a new land. Good-bye, Edward. If there had been more heart in your researches and less brain, you would probably not have suffered this loss.

"ALICIA."

When the young doctor read this missive he groaned in agony. The accusation his wife brought against him was only too true. He was ambitious. He wanted to become famous in his profession as a specialist. Now he recognised how selfish his ambition had made him. After the first few months of wedded bliss—what happy days those were—he had gradually withdrawn himself from the round of social gaieties leaving his wife to go practically her own way, while he buried himself in his books. Had he only studied the heart as well as the brain, just as Alicia said, this catastrophe might have been averted.

"What will fame be to me now?" he muttered. "Oh! if I could only find Alicia, and tell her that we will live the days of our early married life over again," and the young aspirant for fame leant his head on the table and sobbed aloud.

Next morning he went out early and purchased copies of all the dramatic papers. Having secured these he drove round to the house of a friend, who, before his retirement, had been a very successful private detective.

His hasty and violent tug at the door betokened his frame of mind and brought a quick response. It was Arthur Somerset, the ex-detective who opened the door.

"Good gracious, Ned, what on earth's the matter with you? You look positively ill," exclaimed Somerset, as he saw Edward Saxon's face.

"Don't for goodness' sake, stand there asking questions, Somerset, but lead the way indoors and listen to what I have to say," replied the doctor.

"All right, old boy, but you gave me a shock."

So saying, the surprised Somerset ushered his visitor into a drawing-room, and pulling two chairs up to the fire, requested him to proceed.

With much agitation, Saxon told the story of his wife's flight.

"I suppose this means I am desired to get into harness again, eh?" remarked Somerset.

"Will you undertake it?" asked his friend eagerly.

"Certainly I will. Now to get to work. In the first place we must make a list of all the companies which have recently left, or are leaving England, and then I will go round and see the various agents."

"I will come with you."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You must go home and attend to your patients, but leave those brain studies alone for a day or two."

Edward Saxon took his departure for home in a more hopeful frame of mind. He had great faith in the abilities of his friend, and he also thought if he could only come face to face with Alicia again he would be able to wean her from the glare of the footlights by his assurance of love.

Still his heart was anything but light. He reproached himself that ever his neglectfulness should have been so pronounced as to admit of a rival—though an inanimate one—stealing the affection of his wife from him.

That evening Arthur Somerset came round to the desolate home.

"Any news, Somerset?" was the first hasty inquiry.

"Steady, my boy, steady. Give me a chance."

"Well, what have you done?"

"To begin with, five companies have left our shores within the last month, and two others are leaving this week."

"What are they?"

Somerset enumerated the names of the companies.

"Now," he went on, "it is possible your wife may be going out to join one of those which has already gone, or she may be engaged in either of the two leaving this week."

On the ensuing day Somerset went round to interview

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the various agents, while the distracted husband went down to a newspaper office to insert the following advertisement in the agony column:

> Alicia—am taking up heart as well as brain. Come and help me.

When Somerset called that evening it was only to report failure. He had been unable to find the slightest trace of either the wife or the child. Edward Saxon looked gloomy.

"There is another chance, Edward," remarked the detective, after a few moments' thought. "Possibly, it is to join a company already out in one of the colonies or the States, that your wife has gone. To-morrow I will commence a tour of the steamship offices. Have you a photograph of your wife?"

"I am afraid that won't be of much assistance if Alicia is determined to veil her identity. She was an adept in the art of making up."

Edward Saxon's dismal prognostications proved only too correct. They were unable to get hold of any information that would yield a clue as to what part of the globe Alicia Saxon had sailed to resume her histrionic career.

Her husband's cup of bitterness was indeed full. Alicia was a woman whose nature demanded something more than a mere passive affection, and in the latter days he had allowed his ambition to make him thoughtless and inattentive—not that he loved her less, only the evidences of his affection were absent.

* * * * *

In a pretty little cottage away down in Surrey two women were seated, engaged in an earnest discussion.

"What if our scheme should have the opposite effect to what I desire, Frances?"

"Have no fear, my dear girl, I have not the slightest hesitation in guaranteeing you that it will turn out a glorious success."

"Oh! I do trust it will. Ned never intended to hurt me, I know, but I was deeply grieved time after time. One of my favourite tricks was to steal up quietly behind his chair and surprise him. In those happy early days he would turn round like a flash. 'Ah! you little witch,' he would exclaim, and then he would kiss me. But recently, whenever I have done this he would not even look up. 'Alicia,' he would say in an impatient tone, 'I wish you wouldn't disturb me. I am engaged upon a very difficult piece of work.' While he was engaged upon problems and theories having for their object the relief of the brains of others, he never realised that my heart was in need of relief."

"Well, I imagine he knows what heartache is now."

"Poor old Ned," murmured Mrs. Saxon, wistfully.

"I wonder if it has hurt him much."

"Serve him right if it has."

"Frances, how can you?"

"There, there, don't get indignant, my dear. But it will do him good to suffer a little."

Frances Claridge left the room shortly to prepare for her daily journey up to town.

She was engaged at the Comedy Theatre, where Alicia had appeared in the days before her marriage. During those days a very warm friendship had sprung up between the two girls, and this friendship had not been allowed to lapse when Alicia Wentworth had allowed the handsome young doctor to persuade her to abandon the profession.

Just prior to the events recorded in this story Alicia, looking thoroughly unhappy, had met her friend in town one afternoon. In answer to Frances Claridge's inquiry Alicia had poured out the story of her griefs, thereby exciting at once her friend's sympathy and indignation.

"Just like a man," she exclaimed. "As soon as he has gained his object he falls off in his attentions. He must have a lesson."

"How, Frances?"

"Meet me again to-morrow and I will by that time have evolved a scheme."

The two friends met again on the following day, and the outcome of that meeting was that, when Edward Saxon went on his visit to his friend, the letter with which we are already acquainted, was written, and Alicia Saxon departed, not to resume her professional career abroad, but to her friend's cottage home in Surrey, where we now find her.

Frances Claridge had seen Edward Saxon's advertisement, but had decided not to show it to her friend, as she deemed it best to carry on the deception long enough to quite shake the would-be brain-specialist out of his selfishness. Hence, she either managed to tear the paper at this particular point, in a seemingly careless way, or she retailed the morning news to her friend, instead of handing her the paper.

For several days the advertisement appeared and then it was withdrawn.

Thus matters had gone on for a fortnight and Alicia was beginning to look very pale and worn. Evidently she was pining for a sight of her husband, and little Gladys' inquiries for "papa" continually loosed the fountains of the mother's tears.

In addition Frances Claridge had seen the doctor in town and had noticed that he was looking far from well.

"Ha! my friend," she muttered, as she observed him from a distance, "there is more heart than brain in your thoughts now."

So she came to the conclusion that it was time to bring the little drama to its last scene.

When she reached the theatre that evening she was greeted with a piece of information that set her capering with delight. Here was just the opportunity for a really dramatic *dénouement*.

The piece which was running was one in which Alicia had formerly sustained one of the principal characters. It had recently been revived, and the news which had so pleased Miss Claridge was this: The lady who was filling Alicia's old *rôle* had met with an accident, necessitating several day's rest.

The understudy would, of course, take the lady's place for that evening, but the lively actress decided that it should not be her fault if Alicia did not resume her old character on the following night.

To think with her was to act, so she at once dashed off to the managerial room. To the presiding genius there, she told sufficient of the story to interest him, and after a little hesitation he complied with her request. His only regret was that he was debarred from posting an announcement on the front of the theatre to the effect that Miss Wentworth would appear, for one night only, in her old part.

Never did a train travel so slowly as the one which bore the fair conspirator to her home that night. When she did eventually alight she traversed the ground between the station and the cottage at a speed very much above the average.

"Alicia," she burst out as soon as she got inside, "I've got such news for you."

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"What is it, dear. Has Ned found me out?"

"Ned, no. Can't you forget that husband of yours sometimes?"

"No, you know I cannot," and Alicia's eyes filled.

"Now I didn't mean to hurt you. If you'll only be a good girl and do as I tell you, you shall be at home to-morrow night."

Alicia brightened at once.

"First of all, you must give me your word to carry out all that I have promised on your behalf."

"You haven't committed me to any impossibilities, I hope?"

"Of course not. Now listen. First I have a confession to make and then a suggestion. The confession is that your husband has been advertising for you," and Frances produced a paper.

Alicia read it and then looked at her friend in reproach.

"Oh, Frances, how could you keep this from me?"

"Because I knew you would have been goose enough to run off at once, and I wanted him to get the lesson thoroughly learnt."

"Now, what is your suggestion?"

Frances explained what she had done.

"But how is that to ensure my going home to-morrow night?"

"Because your worthy husband will be in the stalls. I shall wire Arthur Somerset in the morning to arrange it."

"Edward may be annoyed."

"Rubbish, my dear. He will be only too pleased to see you, judging from what I have heard from time to time. Besides, you have promised."

After some further discussion Alicia consented to go through with the business.

* * * * *

During the course of the following morning Arthur Somerset received a wire, which was worded as follows:

Bring doctor to Comedy to-night, certain.

Arthur Somerset chuckled when he read this. To tell the truth he had been in the plot almost from the very commencement. This had been Frances' suggestion. Knowing of the friendship that existed between the doctor and the detective she had foreseen that Edward Saxon would appeal to Somerset for help, so she had astutely enlisted him as an ally.

The detective strolled round to see his friend during the course of the day, first calling at the theatre to book the seats. On arrival at Belvedere Road he was greeted with the usual inquiry:

"Any news, Somerset?"

The conspirator gravely shook his head.

"Look here, Ned, will you join me at the Comedy to-night?"

"No, I don't care about it."

"I suppose you would rather sit moping here, but you are not going to do it. I have booked the seats, so you may as well come."

"Well, if you must haul me off to a theatre, why select the 'Comedy' of all others. You know it is the thing Alicia used to be in which is running there now."

"Oh! is it?" replied Somerset carelessly. "Well are you going to turn up to-night. If so, I will run round here for you."

"Very well, as you are so persistent."

With this Somerset withdrew.

When he had gone Edward Saxon sat absorbed in thought, and he thought aloud:

"Somerset was unusually lacking in tact and thoughtfulness this morning. Whatever made him suggest that place?"

Then he suddenly started.

"I wonder if he has some object in it," he muttered. The idea grew upon him so strongly that he wired to Somerset.

"Have unexpected engagement to-night. Will join you later at the theatre."

When the shades of evening fell, a closely muffled figure might have been seen standing by the stage-door of the "Comedy." Various members of the company arrived, but not the one Edward Saxon was looking for, and he began to think his idea was a mistaken one.

Just at the last moment a four-wheeler drove up and he drew himself into the shadow to watch the occupants alight. First came Frances Claridge, next his little Gladys, and lastly his wife.

Trembling with excitement he whispered:

"Alicia!"

The ladies turned and Frances jumped forward and caught him by the arm.

"Not here, Mr. Saxon. Come inside with us," she said.

Edward followed, his heart beating tumultuously and his brain in a whirl.

He was quickly put in possession of the facts, and so overjoyed was he at recovering his lost ones that he agreed that Alicia should appear for that one night upon one condition, which was accepted.

This done he left the theatre by the stage-door, entering again in the usual way, all the while smiling to himself at the surprise which was in store for Somerset.

By the time he found the detective he had assumed a more sober expression. Somerset glanced critically at his friend and when the curtain rose Somerset was actually shaking with excitement. He was also anxious as to how Saxon would take his wife's appearance.

At last she came on, resplendent in her robes and looking lovelier than ever.

The detective shot a sharp glance at his friend, which was met by one from Saxon, who remarked, with a smile:

"She looks splendid, doesn't she?"

"What! were you in the plot, too?" interrogated Somerset, with a perplexed look.

"Wait till we get home, and I will explain what I can, and Alicia will fill in the rest."

"Oh, it's like that, is it?"

That night husband, wife and child met under their own roof and they had as guests Miss Claridge and Arthur Somerset.

The next morning the papers in referring to the Comedy had the following as explanation of Mrs. Saxon's appearance, which was the condition the doctor had named:

> The audience at the Comedy last night had the pleasure of renewing their acquaintance with a once great favourite in Mrs. Saxon, better known to playgoers as Miss Alicia Wentworth. Having heard of Miss Madge Aulaby's accident, Mrs. Saxon, with the approval of her husband, generously consented to fill the vacancy. To-night Miss Aulaby will be well enough to resume.

JOHN HENRY PEAT.

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THE LION'S WARS

The Campaign of 1815 Ending with the Battle of Waterloo.

THE retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, in 1812, caused unbounded satisfaction.

The great Powers saw in the destruction of the grand army of France an opportunity of shaking off the yoke of the oppressor.

The Prussians, who had been in a state of subjection since Jena, in 1806, rushed to arms; the Russian army, which had hung in the rear of Napoleon's vast legions, crossed the frontier. Sweden joined the allies, whilst Belgium and Holland looked wistfully at England, who, as usual, opened her purse-strings.

Napoleon fought several battles, but when Austria, after the battle of Bautzen, also joined the allies, the doom of the Corsican was sealed. He gained some victories it is true: Dresden was in his favour, but at Leipsic, where the odds were three to one, he was beaten and compelled to retreat towards France.

Misfortunes then rained thickly on the falling despot. The Bavarians deserted, and the forces of the allies swelled to upwards of a million of men. Then Paris capitulated to avoid being bombarded by an army, which, eluding Napoleon, had invaded France. The Emperor went to Fontainebleau, April 1814, and awaited the decision of the allied sovereigns. It was soon given: abdication and Elba.

On February 15th, 1815, he escaped, landed in France with a few followers, marched through the country without any opposition, and on March 20th made a triumphal entry into Paris.

The allied sovereigns at once met at Vienna, and declared war. Britain at once joined the confederacy, comprising Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Our ministers declared that they would never lay down their arms till Napoleon was conquered, and they kept their word, although the campaign cost us close on £116,000,000.

The prospect of having to fight United Europe did not dismay France.

The remnants of the disbanded armies living in retirement hastened to rejoin their old general. In a few weeks the Emperor had organised a force of 155,000 men fully equipped, and an ample complement of artillery and cavalry.

Great Britain was equally as energetic. A base of operations had been fixed on in Belgium, and troops soon began to pour in to the Low Countries. Wellington, in whom had been invested the command, foresaw that as Napoleon would rely for success upon the rapidity with which he would strike, the slightest delay would be fatal.

On April 4th, 1815, the hero of the Peninsula arrived in Brussels, and at once took over the command. Although by the end of the first week in June the army had increased to 105,000 men with close on 200 guns, it was tainted with one fatal defect. The nationalities composing it were extremely varied, and not quite satisfactory. Wellington would have liked a larger sprinkling of his Peninsula veterans. He was supremely delighted, however, with the British contingent.

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For the rest of the force, save perhaps the troops from Hanover, little could be said. Belgium and Holland had sent a most inferior lot, poorly equipped and officered. The Brunswickers professed to be full of courage but they looked anything but reliable, whilst the Nassauers were not only too old to be described as veterans but so feeble and lacking in spirit that they were soon regarded as an incumbrance. But the greatest defect in the British forces was that as few of the soldiers, save our own, knew anything of Wellington, the vast majority never having heard of his name, he was regarded as a mere baby to Napoleon.

The Prussian army under Blucher was much better circumstanced than our own. The 117,000 men composing it were not only all Prussians but they regarded their commander as quite the equal, if not the superior of the great Napoleon himself.

The force Napoleon collected against Wellington consisted of 89,415 foot, 22,302 cavalry, 15,871 artillery, with 344 guns. On June 15th the two forces came into collision. Arrived at the river Sambro, the French seized the bridges and pushed on towards Frasnes.

Wellington then drew in his scattered forces, and on the 16th had concentrated 30,000 men at Quatre Bras, and the rest round Brussels, which was the object of Napoleon's attack.

After planting a force between the British and Prussians, Napoleon fell on Blucher at Ligny with 75,000 men. The Prussians, who greatly outnumbered the enemy, maintained a dogged fight for over six hours, but as evening approached, the brilliant charges of the French began to tell, and by dusk the Prussians were in full retreat.

Although not routed, Blucher's loss was so heavy—it being close on 20,000 men, that of Napoleon being under 11,000—that although he halted at Wavre, only a few miles in the rear of Ligny, two days elapsed before he was able to move. It was to prevent the British from assisting Blucher that the battle of Quatre Bras was fought.

About an hour before the struggle at Ligny commenced, Marshal Ney attacked the division 7,000 strong under the Prince of Orange with a force of 9,000 men, who was compelled, after Kellermann and a brigade of 2,000 French appeared, to retreat. Picton, who had been giving the veterans of Nassau some exercise, now appeared on the scene, and this so encouraged the Prince that he renewed the battle. But Ney advancing in two solid columns swept all before him until he encountered some regiments of British infantry. The work of checking the rushes of the French was intrusted to Picton, and a couple of brigades supported by the aged warriors from Nassau. Picton was no strategist, but he was an indomitable fighter.

After pouring in several deadly volleys on one of Ney's columns his men charged with such force that the column reeled like a drunken man. Shortly after a very serious incident occurred. The Brunswick division, headed by their Duke (who, to animate his men, puffed at his pipe till he was shot dead), after a vain effort to stop the rushes of General Foys, broke and ran to the wood of Quatre Bras for shelter. The French, carried away by their impetuous charge, came into contact with Picton's brigade, who, after hurling back Ney's column, were resting in a hollow. The French had so seldom been able to score off their old foes that they were greatly elated. The French Lancers on this occasion using their weapons with such skill that in a moment the little valley was like a shambles.

After a grand charge by the whole of the cavalry had been repulsed our guns were pushed forward with deadly effect. Had the messenger Ney dispatched to recall D'Erlon's Corps, which he had sent to the assistance of Napoleon when he thought he should win, not lost his way, Quatre Bras might have ended in a victory for the French. They made a great final effort to turn the tide of battle. Kellermann's Cuirassiers performed prodigies of valour, but their success was quite neutralised by the arrival of the Guards, who carried everything before them.

Our losses were heavy, 4,659 killed and wounded, of which 2,480 were British. The French lost 4,375 killed and wounded.

On the night before the 18th of June the Duke of Wellington and his staff attended a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond. The company which had responded to her Grace's invitation was of the most brilliant description. Such was the splendour of the uniforms that the reception rooms seemed literally ablaze with colour, and all the guests were in the highest spirits.

In the streets the people had collected to watch the sturdy British soldier pouring out of Brussels towards Waterloo, fervently praying for their success.

Wellington then sent word to Blucher that he would accept battle on the plains of Waterloo if Blucher would help him with 25,000 men.

On the night of 17th June the French reached La Belle Alliance, and on the 18th the battle of Waterloo was fought.

Making due allowance for the losses he sustained at Ligny, and the corps, under General Gerard, left at Ligny to keep back Blucher, Napoleon mustered 48,950 infantry, 15,785 cavalry, and 7,232 artillerymen, a total of 71,917 men with 246 guns.

Wellington's army was not quite so large. His infantry numbered 49,608, of whom 24,000 were British and 6,000 Germans. He had 12,402 cavalry, and 5,645 artillerymen with 156 guns. Total 67,655. But of these 18,000 were stationed at Hal, ten miles away, to secure his right flank. But for the strength of his left, which was practically invulnerable owing to the presence of 90,000 Prussians at Wavre, he would have been compelled to retreat on account of the inferiority of his troops in fighting quality like the French.

The field of Waterloo might be described as a shallow valley bounded by low hills. Wellington's right was protected by the valley of Merbe Braine, the left being secured by the hamlets of La Haye Papelotte and Houchain, and at the foot of a slope on the right stood the celebrated chateau and grounds of Hougoumont extending half a mile into the plain, occupied by our troops.

Both armies were drawn up in three lines. Napoleon's disposition differed slightly from those of his great rival, who stationed the greater part of his cavalry on his wings, whilst Napoleon's were scattered behind his infantry lines. Napoleon's seemingly was the better plan as his cavalry was at hand to support an attack from any quarter.

As soon as the battle commenced Napoleon stationed himself on an eminence near the farm-house La Belle Alliance. There he remained for the greater part of the day impassively watching the progress of the great struggle till the tide of battle began to flow against him. Then he showed how deeply he was stirred by moving nearer and nearer to the fight. At 3 p.m. he mounted his horse, and when the time arrived

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Drawn by] [*C. Lawson Wood.*

As soon as the battle commenced Napoleon stationed himself on an eminence near the farmhouse La Belle Alliance.

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for the Imperial Guard to make their effort he was close to the farm called La Haye Sainte.

Napoleon's plan of battle was worthy of his great genius. He saw with true instinct that Wellington's left and left centre were his weak points, so after a strong demonstration on the right he made a determined attack on the left. But his scheme was imperfectly carried out. The French carried a portion of Hougoumont, but the desperate valour of our soldiers resisted all attempts to quite dislodge them. Two divisions were sent against them but our wonderful infantry fought as if rooted to the ground. The attack and defence of Hougoumont cost 6,000 lives.

Then the attack shifted and Napoleon, after a terrible cannonade, directed the whole of D'Erlon's corps and a large body of horse against the left. But the onslaught was splendidly repulsed by our infantry, and on their retreat our heavy cavalry rode clear through the columns of the French, and taking them in flank drove them on the enemy's right.

Then a new enemy made its presence known. The vanguard of Bulow's corps was descried far off on the right. This ominous column compelled Napoleon to detach the corps of Laban to prevent their advancing. Naturally, the absence of these men greatly disconcerted Napoleon's plans. Napoleon now resolved to concentrate his attacks on Wellington's centre alone. After a severe struggle the post of La Haye Sainte was won by the French. This success uncovered part of Wellington's line and enabled dense masses of cavalry to mount the slopes in front of the Duke's position. When the cavalry were followed by clouds of skirmishers victory for France appeared certain, especially as our foreign allies began to betray signs of trepidation.

Still the issue depended on Napoleon being able to force back our centre and roll it up, quickly too, for a Prussian prisoner had informed him that instead of being crushed and broken, the whole of Blucher's army was marching against the Emperor's right flank.

But it was to be no sudden rout, if rout at all, for our admirable infantry, forming into squares, resisted every attempt to overwhelm them. As a French historian said, "they seemed glued to their places."

What was to be done? It was now past noon and Napoleon, realising that the moment for a supreme effort had arrived, gave the signal for Ney to make an instant assault. Placing himself at the head of a body of infantry comprising 18,000 men, and moving in four compact columns, Ney strove to retrieve the day at La Haye Sainte, from which they had retreated. Our allies, retreating with great precipitation, were driven against the British left centre with a force so great that any other troops but ours would have lost confidence.

Bringing forward two brigades, scarcely 3,000 strong, Sir Thomas Picton waited till the French reached the crest of the hill only thirty yards away and then gave the command, "a volley and then charge." The moment the smoke cleared the British, after a loud hurrah, charged the huge column confronting them.

Our ranks thinned terribly during this charge. The fate of Europe literally hung in the balance. The noble Picton fell shot through the brain.

His men saw him fall, and with cries of rage increased their pace. At last the intervening ground was covered, and the moment so longed for had arrived.

We had been on the defensive all day. It was now our turn to strike, and strike hard the British infantry did. A terrible shock, and then the French column reeled. Before they could recover, Kempt's brigade struck them heavily on the flank, hurling them down the hill up which a few minutes before they had so proudly mounted.

Ponsonby's Union Horse, like the infantry, had been chafing all day, but the moment Kempt's men had delivered their blow, they burst on the retreating French, cutting them down by hundreds. In this one charge, 3,000 prisoners and two eagles were captured.

Elated with their success, these brave horsemen next rode straight at Ney's guns, paralysing the gunners and cutting them down to a man. They had halted to reform, when Ney's cavalry rode down on them. One of the most terrible fights of the war now took place. The opposing horsemen neither asked nor gave quarter. We were gradually getting the upper hand, when the fate of Ney's horse was settled by a charge of Vandaleurs dragoons which annihilated them.

Napoleon's chances of winning were now growing very faint. Still Wellington's prudence never deserted him. So heavy had his losses been, that to strengthen the weak centre, he drew the remainder of his army closer together, and to prevent the Belgians and others of the allies from running away, he placed them alongside our men. Born strategist that he was, he knew that Napoleon would not quit the field without making a last final effort. And this was true. Bombarding Hougoumont heavily to induce the belief that an attack would follow, the Imperial Guard were hurled against La Haye Sainte, the garrison of which, under Major Baring, had been reduced to 500 men.

Overwhelmed by numbers, with little ammunition which soon ran out, with no chance of reinforcements, Baring held out till nearly all his men were killed and then capitulated. It was the only gleam of success the French had that day. At 5 p.m. the Imperial Guard and its cavalry, 5,000 splendidly attired troopers, were led by Ney against the British squares. Brave as lions these devoted men, the finest soldiers of France, charged them with irresistible fury. But, formidable as their rushes were, they could not shake the stern determination of Britain's devoted soldiers not to budge an inch till the Prussians came up. Four charges and the French recoiled like surf from the storm-beaten rock.

One more charge. Their cavalry, headed by Ney, got within twenty yards and then as if by magic the rush was stayed and as volley after volley rang out horses and riders fell in hundreds. They came again; indeed after our ammunition gave out they charged the squares a score of times, but try as they might they could not pass those barriers of steel. At 6.30 p.m. Bulow's corps of 20,000 men arrived. Napoleon reinforced Laban with 4,000 of his guard to check the advance. If he could only keep them back half-an-hour, he said to his staff.

A tremendous cannonade compelled our men to lie down. Then up came the French. Where was the British army. "Up Guards and make ready." First a volley then a charge. When the smoke cleared, the veterans of France were being pursued by the boys of England.

A signal which was quickly passed, and then the whole British army plunged furiously forward crushing all opposition. Hurled upon the Prussians the French recoiled, and took to flight. The carnage was dreadful. In killed, wounded and missing, the French lost 25,000 men. The losses of the allies were 14,728.

[NEXT WEEK: **The War with the Ghurkas, the Pindaris, and the last Mahratta War (1813-1817).**]

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Inari's Journey.

THE great fox-god, Inari, once determined that he would make a journey through the city to find out where true honesty and goodness existed. It was a bad age of crime and corruption.

Civil wars tore the heart of the fair island; the rich plundered the poor; the poor could get neither justice nor reparation; men's minds were aflame with avarice, and the sun shone upon as foul a scene of depravity as it had ever seen since the days of the fifth great deluge.

The first place that Inari visited was the counting-house of one of the greatest merchants of the city of Yeddo.

"At any rate," he said, "I shall find fair dealing and honesty here, for this man's junks float on a hundred waters, his word is as good as a bond, and his name is a byeword for uprightness and integrity."

He took up his position in the shape of a cobweb in a corner of the sample room. The tide of customers and merchants flowed in and out; the money rattled into the coffers; the clerks were busy with pen and scroll; but no one saw what Inari saw.

His heart smote him to see the tricks of trade, and the deceptions practised. The chests were filled with coloured leaves and dust sweepings, the bales of silk were weighted with false materials, and their contents dyed with false colours; lacquer and bronze manufactured in the next street were sold as the veritable productions of old times; the very scales used were false, and the stories told to the customers were false.

The next day the whole city was thrown into a state of consternation at the news that the great firm had failed, and that the head partner had gone away, no one knew whither.

The next journey of the god was to the "yashiki," or palace of the great lord of Bizen, one of the haughtiest and proudest of the nobles of the empire. As he seated himself in the guise of a fly on the top of a sword rack in the banqueting chamber he said: "He is too great to be ambitious, he is too rich to be avaricious, he has too great expenses to be extravagant, he has nothing to scheme for, his fame is too bright for him to dare to sully it by dishonesty, he is too familiar with pleasure to be vicious."

The banquet was spread, and the great lord entered in gorgeous apparel. The sweets, with which the meal commenced, were served in dishes of the purest Nagasaki porcelain, the rice was in the finest of old gold lacquer, the wine—that prince of wines, the "Flower in full bloom"—hissed and bubbled in vases of the choicest Bizen ware, whilst the rarest of fish and fowl came up in the quaint dishes brought from China. Merrily the feast proceeded, the wine-cup circled incessantly, cheeks grew flushed, eyes began to sparkle and tongues wagged fast. There was nothing in this with which Inari could find fault, for the prince was wealthy, and it became his dignity to keep a sumptuous table, but he was annoyed and disgusted to observe with what brutality the prince treated his wife, a poor, modest, retiring creature whose only fault seemed to be that she brooked her husband's insolence too meekly.

If she spoke Bizen answered her roughly; if she smiled he frowned, and the poor woman knew not which way to look or how to behave.

When the dancing girls were ushered in, a retainer, humbly prostrating himself as he crawled along the floor, brought the prince a note.

Inari, who of course could see through rough walls, doors, and everything, espied a poor ragged man, evidently half-dead with cold and hunger, sitting in the snow outside.

"Now," said the god to himself, "I shall see the true nature of the prince."

When Bizen opened the note his face grew purple with passion, his brow was puckered into a network of frowns, and his hand stretched to his sword—an act at table which is only tolerated under the most exceptional circumstances.

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When Bizen had so far collected himself to be able to speak, he roared:

"What does the scamp mean by intruding upon my privacy with his beggarly petitions? Who let him in at the great gate?"

"What is it?" asked his wife cautiously.

The prince turned on her like a wild animal.

"What is it, madam?" he hissed. "Why, it's a letter from an impostor who declares that I have ruined him by forfeiting his tenure last summer; he says he is starving, and has the unheard-of insolence to ask me for the loan of a hundred riyos."

"You can afford to let him have them, can you not?" meekly asked his wife, "so I will go and give them to him."

The prince raised his hand and struck the unhappy woman to the ground.

Inari could stay no longer. Outside, where cowered the beggar, he assumed the guise of a retainer.

"Where do you live?" he asked the poor man.

"At Kawasaki, your noble honour," replied the man, trembling with terror, "and I have walked here through snow some fourteen miles to ask his highness for help, for I am very poor and miserable, and through no fault of my own."

"Are you honest?" asked Inari.

"I try to be, your honour," answered the poor fellow.

"I can easily find out," said the god, "so do not deceive me."

The beggar looked at him.

Inari placed his hand on the man's sleeve and disappeared. The beggar, bewildered, looked around, then felt in his sleeve and pulled out notes to the value of 500 riyos. Then he fell on his knees and cried, "It is the worshipful Inari himself," and went on his way rejoicing.

The next day the Prince of Bizen was murdered, and his palace burnt to the ground by a mob of discontented tenants.

The next journey of Inari was to a hall of justice. "If I don't find honesty here," he said, "I don't know where to look for it."

The day's business began, and Inari took the form of a pen in the hand of one of the clerks.

"Call the first case," said the judge, a big, heavy fellow, with a face which betokened constant acquaintance with the good things of this life.

The first criminal was introduced; he was carried in, for he had lain five days in a noisome cell with weights upon his back and legs, and could not move.

"You are accused of robbery," said the judge.

"Nay, your honour," whispered the poor wretch, "I was starving. I saw a rice cake on a shop shelf, and I could not resist the temptation to seize it."

"Doesn't matter. It's robbery," said the judge. "People's property must be protected. Fifty stripes with the bamboo, a month's hard labour upon rice and water, and think yourself lucky to get off with your head. Next case."

A dissolute-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, swaggered in between two gaolers.

"Sorry to see you here Mr. Hanaski," said the judge blandly. "Same as before, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," replied the young man, with an air of careless effrontery, "it was at the 'Three Pine Trees'; I suppose I had been drinking a bit; the wench was impudent, and I cut her down. I suppose a couple of hundred riyos for the family will settle it?"

"Oh, as it was justifiable," said the judge, "we'll have it a hundred. Good morning."

The young man paid the money and left the court.

Inari shuddered.

"Here," thought he, "is a poor wretch who is convicted of having stolen a cake worth half-a-tempo to appease the cravings of his hunger, and is condemned to be crippled for life; and a young blackguard who kills a woman gets off with an easy fine!"

On the spot he struck the judge with a dropsy, from which he never recovered; and the young murderer was waylaid by the friends of the girl, and so maltreated that he died of his wounds.

Heart-sick and mortified, Inari said:

"Now for Kawasaki. Possibly, but not probably, I shall find beneath the lowly peasant's roof what I have failed to discover in the gilded palaces of the mighty."

To Kawasaki he went as a pilgrim. He soon espied the beggar cutting wood outside a poor but neat little hut hard by the ferry.

Assuming an air of great weariness the god addressed him:

"I am bound for the holy O Yama, to do my mid-winter penance beneath the cascade at Koyais. I am very poor, and cannot afford to go to one of the great tea-houses; perhaps you will let me rest here and refresh myself, in return for what few tempos I can give."

The peasant took Inari's arm and gently led him in.

"O Kiku," he cried to his wife, "here quick bring some warm water, and something to eat and drink; here is a poor old pilgrim tired and hungry."

A pleasant-looking old woman approached at the summons and saluted Inari. Then the warm water was brought and she bathed the feet of the god, whilst her husband scraped together what little food and wine there was in the house, and set it before him.

"I feel ashamed," said Inari, "at trespassing on the good nature of those who are as poor as myself."

"Do not mention it, sir," said the peasant. "We have to work hard for our living, but we have always something to spare for poor travellers like yourself."

"And how do you get your living, if it is not a rude question?" asked Inari.

"I cut for the great tea-houses," replied the man, "and at busy times I help the ferry man. But I had such great good luck the other day that we are quite comfortable now." And he told Inari about his visit to the Bizen palace.

The god said nothing for a few minutes, and then he asked: "I shall be returning here in a fortnight's time; could you make it convenient to lend me fifty riyos?"

"Willingly, sir," said the peasant, and he counted out the sum from his bamboo stem and placed the paper in the hand of the god.

In a fortnight Inari returned to the peasant's house and said:

"Here are the fifty riyos you were kind enough to lend me, and," taking from his own pocket a roll of notes, "here are five hundred more. I only borrowed from you to test your heart, and perhaps you can guess who I am."

The astonished and delighted couple fell on their knees, in an ecstacy of joy.

Inari disappeared, and the poor peasant prospered ever after, until he became owner of the largest tea-house in Kawasaki.

FRANK ABELL.

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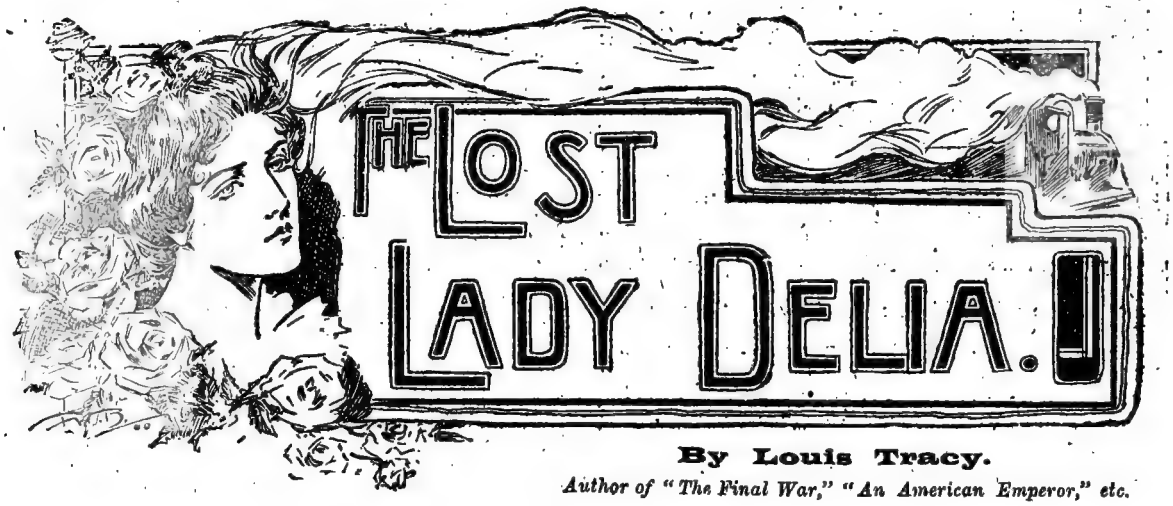

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

SUMMARY.

Lady Delia Lyle leaves her house one foggy November afternoon, and is seen at Victoria Station, on the Underground Railway, by Mr. Reginald Brett, a barrister friend of her husband, who gets her ticket and puts her in the train for Richmond, where she says she is going to see her sister, but from that time she is not heard of.

After some days have passed, without bringing any news of Lady Delia, her husband, Sir Charles Lyle, puts the matter into the hands of detectives, Inspector Winter taking charge of the case.

Brett also promises to do all he can, and he finds out that Lady Delia, on the night of her disappearance, instead of going to Richmond, alighted at Sloane Square, and went to a block of flats called Raleigh Mansions.

Towards the end of the month the body of a woman, evidently murdered, is found wedged beneath a drain-pipe in the Thames at Putney, and, though Sir Charles does not identify the body, Brett imagines it to be that of Lady Delia. Shortly after this discovery Lady Delia's maid, Jane Harding, disappears. She is afterwards found to have gone on the stage.

Brett now starts investigations at Raleigh Mansions, and he fixes on two residents there as being likely to have been connected with Lady Delia. These are a Mr. Sydney H. Pyne, who is not at present in residence, and a Mrs. Hilmer, whom he finds to be Pyne's sister.

It had transpired that Pyne had gone to Monte Carlo, and thither Brett goes, and he discovers that though letters are addressed to Pyne at the Hotel du Cercle, he is not known there.

During his stay at Monte Carlo Brett becomes acquainted with an Englishman, named Albert Mensmore, whom he helps out of some money difficulties, but he does not discover anything about Pyne.

CHAPTER XI.

Theories.

Brett announced his departure from Monte Carlo by a telegram to his valet.

Nevertheless, he did not expect to find that useful adjunct to his small household—Smith and his wife comprised the barrister's ménage—standing on the platform at Charing Cross when the evening mail from the Continent steamed into the station.

Smith, who had his doubts about this sudden trip to the Riviera, was relieved when he saw that his master was alone. "Sir Charles Lyle called this afternoon, sir," he explained. "I told Sir Charles about your wire, sir, and he is very anxious that you should dine with him to night. You can dress at Portman Square, and if I come with you——"

"Yes; I understand. Bundle everything into a four-wheeler."

"Sir Charles thought you might come, sir, so he has sent his carriage."

London looked dull but familiar as they rolled across Leicester Square and up Regent Street. Your true Cockney knows that he is out of his latitude when the sky is blue overhead. Let him hear the tinkle of the hansoms' bells through a dim, fog-laden atmosphere, and he knows where he is. There is but one London, and Cockneydom is the order of Melchisedek. Brett's heart was glad within him to be home again, even though the band was just at that hour gathering in the Casino gardens, and the lights of Monaco were beginning to gleam over the expanse of the Mediterranean.

At Wensley House the traveller was warmly welcomed by the baronet, who seemed to have somewhat recovered his health and spirits.

It was not until dinner had ended that Brett was clearly able to note the ineffaceable signs of the suffering Sir Charles Lyle had undergone since the disappearance of his wife. He had aged quite ten years in appearance. Deep lines of sorrowful thought had indented his brow, his face was thinner, and had acquired a wistful look; his air was that of a man whose theory of life had been forcibly reversed.

At first both men fought shy of the topic of Lady Delia, but the after-dinner cigar brought the question to Lyle's lips:

"And now, Brett, have you any further news concerning my wife's—death?"

The barrister noticed the struggle before the final word came. The husband had, then, resigned all hope.

"I have none," he answered. "That is to say, I have nothing definite. I promised to tell you everything I did, so I will keep my promise, but you will, of course, differentiate between facts and theories?"

The baronet nodded an agreement.

"In the first place," said Brett, "let me ask you whether or not you have seen Jane Harding, the missing maid?"

"Yes. It seems that she called here twice, before she caught me at home. At first she was very angry about a squabble there had been between Thompson and herself. I refused to listen to it. Then she told me how you had found her at some theatre, and she volunteered an explanation of her extraordinary behaviour. She said that she had unexpectedly come into a large sum of money, and that it had turned her head. She was sorry for the trouble her actions had caused, so, under the circumstances, I allowed her to take away certain clothes and other belongings she had left here."

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"Did she ask for these things?"

"Yes. Made quite a point of it."

"Did you see them?"

"No."

"So you do not know whether they were of any value, or the usual collection of rubbish found in servant's boxes."

"I have not the slightest notion."

"Have they ever been thoroughly examined by any one?"

"'Pon my honour, I believe not. Now that you remind me of it I think the girl seemed rather anxious on that point. I remember my housekeeper telling me that Harding asked her if her clothes had been ransacked by detectives."

"And what did the housekeeper say?"

"She will tell you herself. Let us have her up."

"Don't trouble her. If I remember aright the police did not examine Jane Harding's room. They simply took your report and the statements of the other servants, whilst the housekeeper was responsible for the partial search made through the girl's boxes for some clue that might lead to her discovery."

"That is so."

The barrister smoked in silence for a few minutes until Sir Charles broke out rather querulously.

"I suppose I did wrong in letting Harding take away her traps?"

"No," said Brett. "It is I who am to blame. There is something underhand about this young woman's conduct. The story about the sudden wealth is all bunkum, in one sense. That she did receive a bequest or gift of a considerable sum cannot be doubted. That she at once decided to go on the stage is obvious. But what is the usual course for a servant to pursue in such cases? Would she not have first sought to glorify herself in the sight of her fellow-servants, and even of her employers? Would there not have been the display of a splendid departure—in a hansom—with voluble directions to the driver, for the benefit of the footman? As it was, Jane Harding acted suddenly, precipitately, under the stress of some powerful emotion. I cannot help believing that her departure from this house had some connection, however remote, with Lady Delia's disappearance."

"Good Heavens, Brett, you never told me this before."

"True, but when we last met I had not the pleasure of Miss Marie le Marchant's acquaintance. I wish to goodness I had rummaged her boxes before she carried them off."

"And I sincerely echo your wish," said Sir Charles testily, "It always seems, somehow, that I am to blame."

"You must not take that view. I really wonder, Lyle, that you have not closed up your town house and gone off to Scotland for the fag-end of the shooting season. You won't hunt, I know, but a quiet life on the moors would bring you right away from associations which must have bitter memories for you."

"I would have done so, but I cannot tear myself away whilst there is the slightest chance of the mystery attending my wife's fate being unravelled. I feel that I must remain here, near you. You are the only man who can solve the riddle, if ever it be solved. By the way, what of Raleigh Mansions?"

The baronet obviously nerved himself to ask the question. The reason was patent. The inexplicable visit of Lady Delia to that locality was in some way connected with her fate, and the commonsense view was that some intrigue lay hidden behind the present impenetrable wall of ignorance that shrouded her final movements.

Brett hesitated for a moment. Was there any need to bring Mrs. Hillmer's name into the business? At any rate, he could fully answer Sir Charles without mentioning her at this juncture.

"The only person in Raleigh Mansions who interests me just now is one who, to use a convenient bull, is not there."

"Yes?"

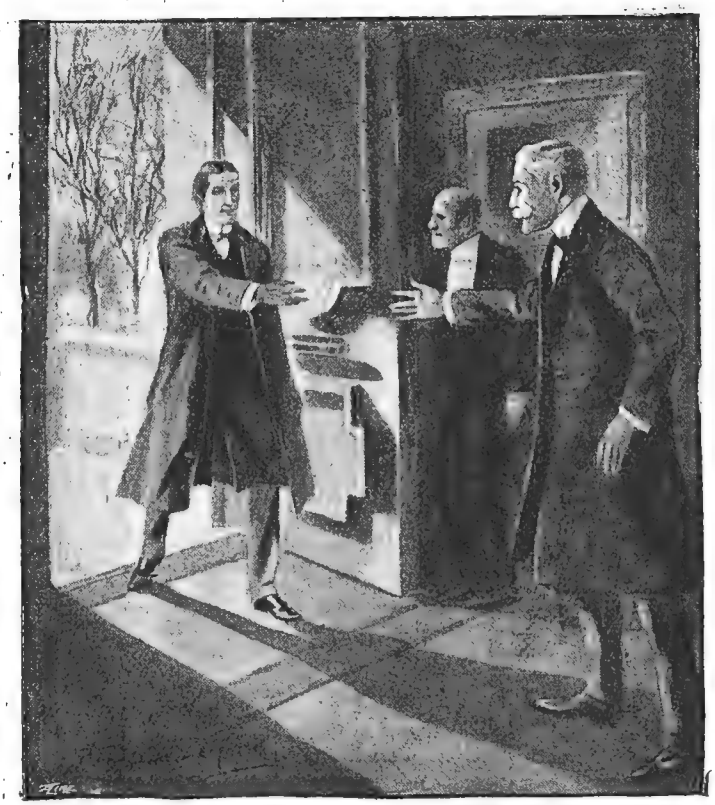
"This person occupies a flat in No. 12, his name is Sydney H. Pyne, and he left his residence for the Riviera two days after your wife was lost."

"Now, who on earth can *he* be? I am as sure as a man may be of anything that no one of that name was in the remotest way connected with either my wife or myself for the last—let me see—six years, at any rate."

"Possibly. But you cannot say that Lady Delia may not have met him previously?"

The baronet winced at the illusion as though a whip had struck him. "For Heaven's sake, Brett," he cried, "do not harbour suspicions against my wife. I cannot bear it. I tell you my whole soul revolts at the idea. I would rather be suspected of having killed her myself than listen to a word whispered against her good name."

"I sympathise with you, but you must not jump at me in that fashion. One hypothesis is as wildly impossible as the other. I did not say that Lady Delia went to Raleigh Mansions on account of some present or bygone transgression of her own. I would as soon think of my mother



At Wensley House the traveller was warmly welcomed by the baronet.

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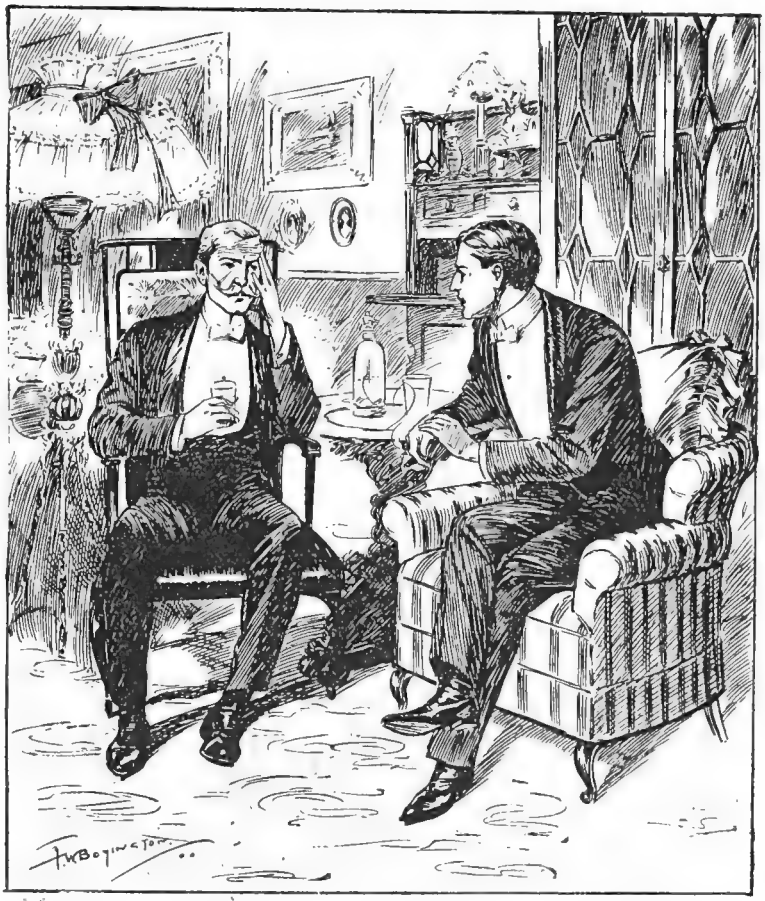

"You didn't know, Brett," he said, "that you vividly described the attempted self-murder of a man I know intimately."

in such a connection. But a pure, good woman will often do on behalf of others what she will not do for herself. Really, Lyle, you must not be unjust to me, especially when you force me to tell you what may prove to be mere theories."

"Others? What others?"

"I cannot say. I wish I could. If I once lay hold of the reason that brought Lady Delia to Raleigh Mansions I will, within twenty-four hours, tell you who murdered her. Of that I am as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow."

And the barrister poked the fire viciously to give vent to the annoyance that his friend's outburst had provoked.

"Pardon me, Brett. Do not forget how I have suffered—what I am suffering—and try to bear with me. I never valued my wife while she lived. It is only now that I feel the extent of my loss. If my own life would only restore her to me for an instant I would cheerfully give it."

If ever man meant his words Sir Charles Lyle did. His agitation moved the kindly-hearted barrister to rise and place a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"I am sorry, Lyle," he said, "that the conversation has taken this turn. These speculative guesses at potential clues distress you. If you took my advice you would not worry about events until at least something tangible turns up."

"Perhaps it is best so," murmured the other. "In any event, it is of little consequence. I cannot live long."

"Oh, nonsense. You are good for another fifty years. Come, shake off this absurd depression. You can do no good by it. I wish now I had taken you with me to Monte Carlo. The fresh air would have braced you up whilst I hunted for Fyne."

"Did you find him?"

"No, but I dropped in for an adventure that would cheer the soul of any depressed author searching vainly for an idea for a short story."

"What was it?"

Reggie, who possessed no mean skill as a raconteur, gave him the history of the Casino incident, and the thrilling denouement so interested the baronet that he lit another cigar.

"Did you ascertain the names of the parties?" he said.

"Oh, yes. You will respect their identity, as the sensational side of the affair had better now be buried in oblivion, though, of course, all the world knows about the way we scooped the bank. The lady is a daughter of Sir William Browne, a worthy knight from Warwickshire, and her rather vapid swain is a youngster named Mensmore."

"Mensmore!" shouted the baronet. "A youngster you say," and Sir Charles bounced upright in his excitement.

"Why, yes, a man of twenty-five. Not more than twenty-eight, I can swear. Do you know him?"

"Albert Mensmore?"

"That's the man beyond doubt."

Lyle hastily poured out some whisky and water and swallowed it. Then he spoke, with a faint smile: "You didn't know, Brett," he said, "that you vividly described the attempted self-murder of a man I know intimately."

"What an extraordinary thing! Yet I never remember hearing you mention his name."

"Probably not. I have hardly seen him since my marriage. We were schoolboys together, though as I was much his senior we did not chum together until later when we met a good deal on the Turf. Then he went off roughing it in the States. It must be he. It is just one of his mad pranks. And he is going to marry, eh? Is she a nice girl?"

The baronet was thoroughly excited. He talked fast, and helped himself liberally to stimulants.

"Yes, unusually so. But I cannot help marvelling at this odd coincidence. It has upset you."

"Not a bit. I was interested in your yarn, but naturally I was unprepared for the startling fact that an old friend of my own filled the chief part. What a fellow you are, Reggie, for always turning up at the right time. I have never been in a tight place personally, but if I were I suppose you would come along and show me the way out. Sit down again and give me all the details. I am full of curiosity."

Brett had never before seen Sir Charles in such hysterical mood. The anguish of the past three months had changed the careless, jovial baronet into a fretful, wayward being, who had lost control of his emotions. Undoubtedly he required some powerful tonic. The barrister resolved to see more of him in the near future, and not to cease urging until he had started on a long sea voyage, or taken up some hobby that would keep his mind from brooding upon the everlasting topic of Lady Delia's strange death.

Lyle's fitful disposition manifested itself later. After he had listened with keen attention to all that Brett had to

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tell him concerning Mensmore and Phyllis Browne, he suddenly swerved back to the one engrossing thought.

"What are you going to do about Pyne?" he asked.

"Find him."

"But how?"

"People are always tied to a centre by a string, and no matter how long the string may be, it contracts sooner or later. Pyne will turn up at Raleigh Mansions, and before very many weeks have passed, if I mistake not."

"And then?"

"Then he will have to answer me a few pertinent questions."

"But suppose he knows nothing whatever about the business?"

"In that case I must confess that the clue is more tangled than ever."

"It would be curious if Pyne and Jane Harding were in any way associated."

"If they were, it would take much to convince me that one or both could not supply at least some important information bearing on my—on our quest. If Mr. Winter even knew as much as I do about them he would arrest them at sight."

"Oh, he's a thick-headed chap is Winter. By the way, that reminds me. He got hold of the maid, it seems, before she bolted, and made her give him some of my wife's clothes. By that means he established some sort of theory about——"

"About a matter on which we differ," put in Brett, quietly. "Let us talk of something else."

Lyle moved restlessly in his chair, but yielded. For the remainder of the evening they discussed questions irrelevant to the course of this narrative.

It was late when they separated, but Brett found Smith sitting up for him at home.

That faithful servitor bustled about, stirring the fire and turning on the lights. Finally he nervously addressed his master:

"Pardon me, sir, but there was a policeman here asking about you to-night, sir."

"A policeman!"

"Well, sir, a detective, Mr. Winter, of Scotland Yard. I know him, sir, though he didn't think it. He came about ten o'clock, and asked if you was at home and where you were."

"Did you tell him?"

"Well, sir," and Smith shifted from one foot to the other, "I thought it best to let him know the truth, sir."

"Good gracious, Smith, he is not going to handcuff me. You did quite right. What did he say?"

"Nothing, sir; except that he would call again. He wouldn't leave his name, but I know'd him all right."

"Thank you. Good night. It was unnecessary that you should have remained up. But I am obliged to you all the same."

The barrister laughed as he went to his room. "Really," he said to himself, still highly amused, "Winter will cap all his previous feats by trying to arrest me. I expect he has thought of it for a long time."

And Mr. Winter *had* thought of it.

CHAPTER XII.

WHO PYNE WAS.

"INEXORABLE Fate" is a favourite phrase with the makers of books; but Fate, being feminine according to the best authorities, is also somewhat fickle in disposition. Not only is she not invariably inexorable, but at times she delights to play with her poor subjects, to dazzle them with surprise, as it were, to stupefy them with the sense of their sheer inability to foresee her vagaries.

It was Brett's turn to receive the sharpest lesson in this respect that he ever remembered.

At breakfast the following morning he picked out from a packet of unimportant letters one which required immediate attention. The financial agents to whom he had written in conformity with his implied promise to Mr. Dodge had replied favourably with reference to the re-construction scheme of the Springbok Mine.

They informed Brett confidentially that a thoroughly reliable man in Johannesburg, to whom they had cabled, reported very strongly in favour of the property. They would await his written statement before finally committing themselves. Meanwhile, if Messrs. Dodge, Son, and Co. (Limited) were anxious to get the business advanced a stage, there was no reason why he (Brett) should not see this firm of brokers and assure them that, subject to the first satisfactory report being confirmed, his clients would underwrite the shares. The whole thing would thus go through in about three weeks. As for Brett himself, they proposed to give him a commission of five per cent. in fully-paid shares for the introduction.

"Well, I never!" laughed Brett. "Now who would have thought such a thing possible? Why, if that rascal Dodge is right and this company is really a sound undertaking, my

"Pardon me, sir, but there was a policeman here asking about you to-night, sir."

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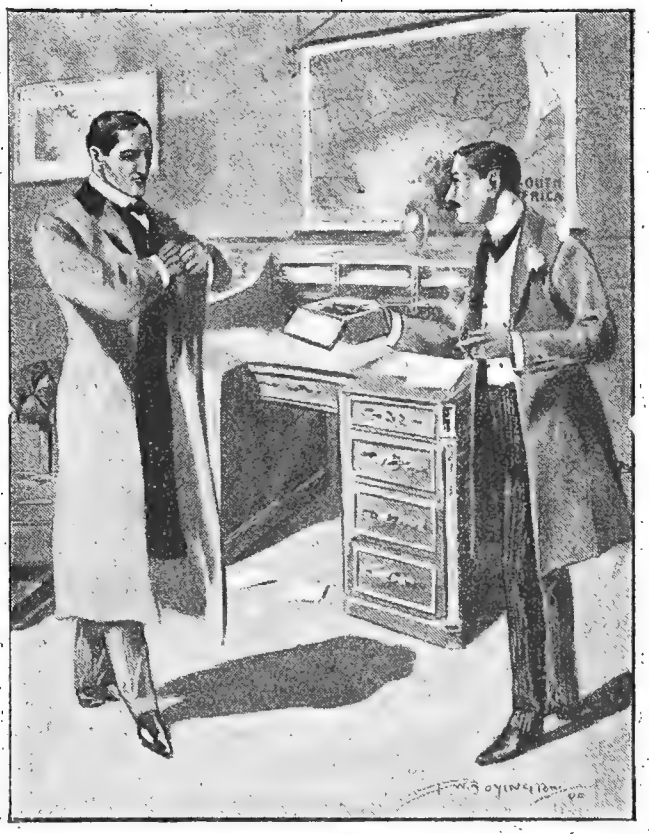

"How stupid of me. I have forgotten my morning smoke. May I light a cigar?"

share of the deal will be £10,000. It seems wildly incredible, yet my friends know what they are writing about as a rule."

An hour later he was in the City.

A smart brougham stood in front of the now thoroughly renovated offices of "Dodge, Son, and Co. (Limited)," and out of it, at the moment the barrister detached himself from the chaos of Leadenhall Street, stepped the head of the firm.

Oblivious of Brett's presence, he was making up the steps when Reggie cried:

"Hullo, Mr. Dodge, how is the junior partner?"

Dodge stopped, focussed Brett with his sharp eyes, and smiled:

"Oh, it is you, is it? The young 'un is all right, thanks. Are you coming in?"

"That was my intention."

"Come along then. I was hoping I should see you again one of these days."

"Has business improved recently?" said Brett, as they entered the inner office.

"Yes, somewhat; but money is very tight still. However, we generally look for a spurt early in the New Year. Why do you ask?"

"No valid reason. A mere hazard."

"Was it because you saw me drive up in a carriage?"

"Mr. Dodge, I never dreamt that self-consciousness was a failing of members of the Stock Exchange."

"Then that *was* the cause. I guessed it. I have been making inquiries about you, Mr. Brett, and there is no use in trying to fool you, not a bit."

"Have you another Springbok proposition on hand?"

"No, bar chaffing. You were the man who ferreted out the truth about that West Australian combination when everybody else had failed. And, now I think of it, you made me talk a lot the last time you were here. However, I am ready. Fire away! I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me——"

"Sh—s—sh! Do not perjure yourself for the sake of alliteration. Besides, it is I who have come to talk this time."

"About Springboks?"

"Yes. The people I mentioned to you at my previous visit are prepared to underwrite the shares, provided that their agent's report is as favourable in its entirety as a telegraphic summary leads them to believe."

"Eh? That's good news! When will they be in a position to complete?"

"As soon as they hear from South Africa by post. Say, three weeks."

"So long! But suppose I get an offer from some other quarter in the meantime? I cannot keep the proposal open indefinitely."

"I have not asked you to do so, Mr. Dodge. Let me see—3s. per share on, say, two hundred thousand shares is £30,000. It is a good deal of money. If anyone likes to hand you a cheque for that amount without preliminary investigation, take it by all means."

The notion tickled Dodge immensely.

"All right, Mr. Brett. When people of that sort turn up we don't sell 'em Springboks in the City. But there is no harm in your telling me your clients' names."

"Not in the least. They are the Anglo-African Finance Corporation."

Mr. Dodge whistled. "By Jove, they're the best backing I could have. This is a good turn, Mr. Brett, and I sha'n't forget it. You see we're a young firm, and association with well-known houses is good for us in every sense. I'm jolly glad now that Springboks are all right. It would never have done for me to introduce them to a risky piece of business. I am really very much obliged to you. And now, how do we stand?"

"Kindly explain."

"How much 'com.' do you want?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Dodge moved his chair backwards for several feet in sheer amazement. "Nothing, my dear sir! Nonsense. It is a big affair. Shall we say one per cent. in cash, or two in shares. I am not very well off just now, or——"

"Pray don't trouble yourself. I have already got my commission—five per cent. in fully-paid shares."

"But the people who put up the money don't pay for the privilege as a rule!"

"That I know quite well. This case is different. I am not, nor ever have been, a financial go-between."

"Didn't you come to see me about the deal in the first instance?"

It was Brett's turn to hesitate.

"Not exactly," he said. "I really wanted to know something about Mr. Pyne, and the Springbok business arose out of it."

"Ah, that chap Pyne. I have been thinking about him. I wonder who he can be? Anyhow, I owe him my best wishes, as the mention of his name has had such excellent results."

"Well, that is all," said Brett rising.

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"Yes, thanks. I must now see about raising the money to pay my own call. I am interested in 50,000 shares, you know."

"Then you require some £7,500."

"Yes. But that will be easy when I can say that the Anglo-African Finance people are with me. Besides, I have this morning—queer you should call immediately afterwards—had some wholly unexpected good news."

"Indeed?" Mr. Dodge was in a talkative vein, and Brett was in no hurry.

"The very best!" went on Dodge gleefully. "You see, there is another man in this affair with me. I thought he was as stony-broke as I was myself—speaking confidentially, you know—when he suddenly writes to me saying that he had won a pot of money at Monte Carlo and could spare me £2,000. What's the matter? Beastly trying weather, isn't it? Try a nip of brandy."

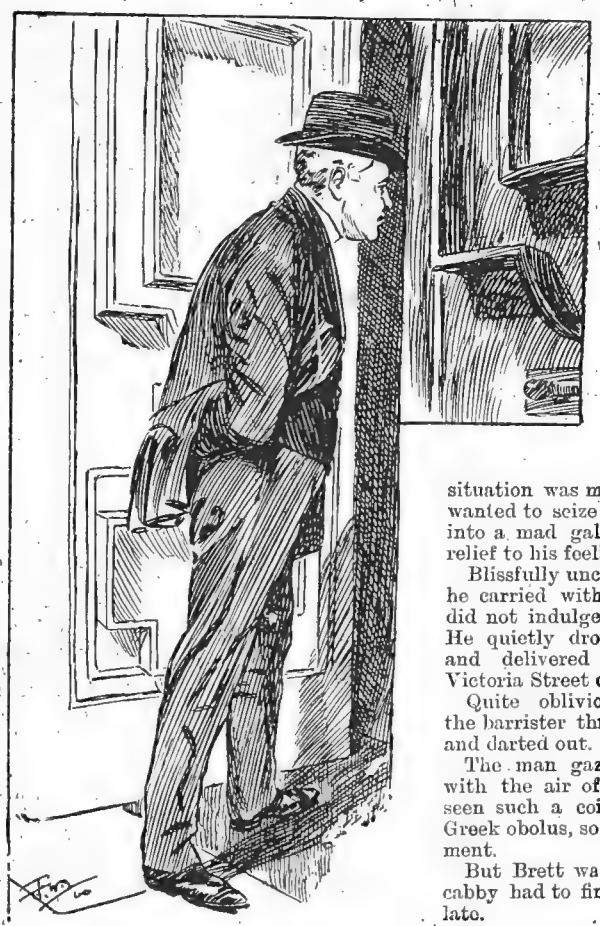
For once in his life the self-possessed barrister had blanched at a sudden revelation. But this was too much. He felt as though a meteorite had fallen on his head. Still he grappled with the situation.

"Ill! No!" he cried. "How stupid of me. I have forgotten my morning smoke. May I light a cigar?"

"With pleasure. You know these. Try one."

"You were saying——"

"That's all. This young fellow, Mensmore his name is, got mixed up with me over a Californian mine. I thought he had lots of coin, so when Springboks came along he and I went shares in underwriting them. The public didn't feed, so we were loaded. I tried all I knew to get him to pay up, but he absolutely couldn't. And now at the very moment affairs look promising he writes offering £2,000. More than that, he says, if necessary, he can get the remainder of his half, £1,750, from somebody. Where is his letter?"



Winter vanished into the interior.

Mr. Dodge looked on his table. "Oh, here it is. Addressed from 'Yacht, *White Heather*,' if you please. Quite swell, eh? Sir William Browne! That's the covey. I think I will let Sir William have 'em. It's a good, solid sort of name to have on the share register."

"I would if I were you," said Brett, hardly conscious of his surroundings.

"If *you* think so, I will. By Jove, this has been a good morning for me. Come and have lunch."

"No, thanks. I have a lot to attend to. By the way, where did Mensmore live?"

"I don't know. His address was always at the Orleans Club."

Somehow Brett got into the street and into a hansom. As the vehicle rolled off westward he crouched into the corner and tried to wrestle with the problem that befogged his brain.

Was Albert Mensmore Sydney H. Pyne? Was he Mrs. Hilmer's brother? The "Bertie" she had spoken of meant Albert as well as a hypothetical Herbert. Mensmore was an old schoolfellow of Sir Charles Lyle's. In all probability he knew Lady Lyle as well. He lived in Raleigh Mansions under an assumed name, and quitted his abode two days after Lady Delia was murdered.

Every circumstance pointed to the terrible assumption that at Mensmore's hands the unfortunate lady met her death. And Brett had sworn to avenge her memory!

He laughed with savage mirth as he reflected that he had himself helped this man to escape the punishment of Providence self-inflicted. It was, indeed, pitifully amusing to think how the clever detective had used his powers to befool himself. The very openness of the clue had helped to conceal it the more effectually. Were it not for Dodge and his Springboks he might have gone on indefinitely covering up the criminal's tracks by his own friendly actions. The situation was maddening, intolerable. Brett wanted to seize the reins and flog the horse into a mad gallop through the traffic as a relief to his feelings.

Blissfully unconscious of the living volcano he carried within, the cabby on the perch did not indulge in any such illegal antics. He quietly drove along the Embankment and delivered his seething fare at his Victoria Street chambers.

Quite oblivious of commonplace affairs, the barrister threw a shilling to the driver and darted out.

The man gazed at her Majesty's image with the air of one who had never before seen such a coin. It might have been a Greek obolus, so utter was his blank astonishment.

But Brett was across the pavement, and cabby had to find words, else it would be too late.

"Here, guvnor," he yelled, "what the ballyhooley do you call this?"

"What's the matter?" asked Brett, impatiently.

"Matter!" The cabman looked towards the sky to see if the heavens were falling. "Matter!" in a higher key, as a crowd began to gather. "I tykes him from Leaden'all Street to Victoria. 'E gives me a bob, an' 'e arsks me wot's the matter. I'd been on the ranks four bloomin' hours——"

"Oh, there you are," and Brett threw him half-a-crown before he disappeared up the steps.

Mr. Winter was waiting Brett's arrival. He wondered why the barrister was so perturbed, and resolved to strike whilst the iron was hot. So he, too, vanished into the interior.

(To be continued.)

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SHORT STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

We devote, every week, two pages of *Short Stories* to pithy, humorous anecdotes similar to those which appear in these columns. A prize of £1 1s. will be sent to the reader who submits the best storyette this week, and a copy of "The Zone of Fire," by Headon Hill, to each of those whose attempts are used. The anecdotes may be either original or selected; in the latter case the source *must* be stated. The prize of One Guinea offered for the best Storyette in this competition has been won this week by Mr. W. Fowler, 120 Union Street, Torquay. Attempts this week must deal with Stories bout ANY SUBJECT, and must reach the Storyette Editor, *Short Stories* Office, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., by Monday, January 21st. Post-cards only, please.

The Sweetest Musical Instrument.

At a National School in the North of England, during a test examination in music, the teacher asked his class, as a last question:

"What is the sweetest musical instrument?"

To sharpen the wits of his pupils he offered a prize of sixpence for the best answer.

Amongst the many eager faces the master particularly noticed one boy, waving his hand, and muttering.

"Please, sir! Please, sir!" as he excitedly endeavoured to attract his attention first.

"Well, Johnny, what is it?" he asked.

"Please, sir, a toffy whistle," he replied.

The master, much amused, awarded Johnny the prize.

W. F.

Before the Ball.

In a Northern town recently an old gentleman was induced to buy a ticket for the local firemen's ball to be held early in the New Year.

As he wanted another ticket he went to the fire-station, but found no one there.

Roaming within the building he found an electric button on the side of the wall, and put his thumb to it.

The effect was electric in every sense of the word, for the next moment, through the ceiling, down the stairs, and from every other direction, firemen came, running and falling, the horses rushed out of their stables, and, in brief, all the machinery of a modern engine-house was suddenly put in motion.

Amid all this commotion stood the innocent old stranger, utterly unaware that he had pressed the fire-alarm.

Then, on one of the men calling to him from the top of the smoking engine for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, he looked up at the expectant flame-fighters, and mildly said:

"If you please, gentlemen, I should like to buy another ticket for the New Year's ball."

A. Y.

An Evasive Answer.

"John," said a clergyman to his factotum, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if anyone calls I do not wish to be disturbed."

"All right, sir. Will I tell them you're not in?"

"No, John; that would be a lie."

"An' what'll I say, then?"

"Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer."

At supper time John was asked if anyone had called.

"Yes, there did," he said.

"And what did you tell him?" asked the clergyman.

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"What was that?" queried his reverence.

"He asked me was yer reverence in, an' I sez to him, sez I, 'Was yer grandmother a hoot owl?'"

J. G. B.

An Absent-Minded Beggar.

Jones thought he had left his walking-stick on the previous evening at Brown's house, so on arriving in the City he decided to telephone on to him.

Jones (at the telephone): "Is that you, Brown? Did I leave my stick at your place last night?"

Brown: "Wait a moment, I will have a look."

Three minutes later, holding a stick up at the telephone: "Is this yours?"

Collapse of Jones.

W. T. C.

His Namesake.

At a recent inspection of recruits the German Emperor asked one of the men his name, and was told, "Andrée."

"Are you aware that you have a very famous namesake?" inquired his Majesty.

The recruit replied in the affirmative.

"Who told you that?" asked the Emperor.

"My Captain, your Majesty," replied the recruit.

"And what did your Captain tell you about Andrée?"

"He said, your Majesty, that he only wished Andrée had taken me with him."

G. E. G.

Reason Enough.

One day a half-witted youth was standing on the bank of a river, when he was accosted from the other side with:

"Hi, Jimmy! What is the best place to cross?"

Jimmy, who had a spite against the gentleman, sent him to the deepest part.

In crossing, the gentleman was nearly drowned, and when he came up to where Jimmy was standing, began scolding him for telling him wrongly.

"Well! well!" returned Jimmy, "I've seen the ducks and the geese cross there, and you've longer legs than them!"

F. W.

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Lavish for Once.

The child was generous to a fault. Whenever it had anything given, it yearned to share it with other children, but its mother (from whom it had not inherited its instincts) put a strong curb upon its impulsiveness.

"Mammy," said the child one day, lifting a chubby, pleading face to the woman's hard one, "U'cle Tom has gived me a bag of sweeties. Please may I let Mr. Smif's babies join?"

Mammy peered critically into the bag of indigestible sweets, while "Mrs. Smif's babies" and Mrs. Smith herself stood by waiting for the verdict. After awhile, with a smile of rare graciousness, mammy returned the bag.

"Yes, love, you may give them six apiece," she sweetly condescended. "They're not fit for you to eat, my precious!"

R. A. H. G.

This Way Out.

One Christmas a man who had leased a skating-pond for the previous two years, with terribly bad results, had his hopes raised by an ever-thickening sheet of ice. Skaters flocked down but the lessee refused their money.

"Can't do it," he said sorrowfully. "Won't bear, you know."

One skater, more determined than the rest, however, managed to slip in, and, gaining the pond, began gyrating about.

"Come off that, will you!" yelled the keeper, catching sight of him.

"Can't! 'Tain't bearing round the edges!" shouted the skater, as he executed a demi-semicircle round some thin ice. Next moment a crack, a splash, and a cry of "Help!" as he quitted the surface for the bottom of the pond.

"Look here," yelled the lessee, scarcely appeased, "you've got to come out of that, or the water won't freeze; but you don't break no more ice, d'ye hear! Crawl underneath to where I am, and I'll knock a hole for you to get out."

C. P. F.

"Done Brown!"

One morning a gentleman riding on a "pirate 'bus," after tendering his penny for his usual "lift" in the City, was surprised to learn that the fare was twopence.

"So you're a pirate, eh!" he exclaimed.

"It doesn't matter what I am," retorted the conductor, "you've got to pay another penny or else jump down."

"I shall do neither," said the passenger. "You've got the wrong sort of man to deal with. Here's my card; you can just do what you like."

"Oh, all right," replied the man, "you'll hear some more about this!"

About three weeks afterwards, when the incident had completely passed from his mind, an unstamped letter was delivered at the passenger's residence, with twopence to pay on it. The addressee paid it.

Judge then of his feelings when, on opening the envelope, he found merely a piece of brown paper with the words "Done Brown!" written across it.

W. J. C.

MY IDEAL MAN.

(For Ladies Only.)

What is your idea of a perfect man, embodying all those qualities which you consider to be the best?

Write out in a paragraph of not more than two hundred words a description of your ideal man.

A prize of two guineas will be awarded to the sender of the attempt which the Editor considers to be the best.

All attempts should be addressed to the Editor of *Short Stories*, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should reach this office not later than Tuesday, January 22nd. Envelopes should be marked Lady in the top left-hand corner.

MY IDEAL WOMAN.

(For Gentlemen Only.)

Every man has his idea of a perfect woman. What is yours?

Write out your opinion in a paragraph of not more than two hundred words.

A prize of two guineas will be awarded to the sender of the attempt which the Editor considers to be the best.

All attempts should be addressed to the Editor of *Short Stories*, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should reach this office not later than Tuesday January 22nd. Envelopes should be marked Man in the top left-hand corner.

PHOTOGRAPHS ENLARGED.

For 7s. we will enlarge any photograph, large or small, tintypes, or any kind of glass picture, provided the print is legible, to a beautiful India ink and crayon portrait, 15in. x 12in., mounted on a plate-sunk mount 24in. x 14in. Pictures of soldiers and sailors at the front will be enlarged for 6s.

All enlargements are of head and shoulders only.

What to do.

Write your name and address plainly in ink on a slip of paper, also on the back of the portrait you are sending us. Get a postal order for 7s. (if the photograph be that of a soldier or sailor get a 6s. postal order). Place all of these in an envelope, or make a securely packed parcel of them and address it to the PORTRAIT EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Reduction of Threepence

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Orders will be treated in rotation.

Although all possible care will be taken, we do not hold ourselves responsible for photographs damaged or lost in transit.

Result of "DISCOVERER" COMPETITION.

The solution to this puzzle was "Short Stories," and Stereoscopes have been awarded to the following, whose letters, containing correct solutions, were opened first:—

H. Auliff, 11 Cavendish Villas, Wood Green, N.
G. Kingston, 99 Church Road, Hove.
J. McCaffrey, 15 Crocus Street, Belfast.
A. B. L. Jones, Gower House, Marlborough Road, Newport, Monmouth.
R. Fisher, Canada House, Baldwin Street, Bristol.

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BURIED ALIVE.

"WELCOME home, Alf, my boy."

My brother grasped my hand as he said these words, and did not release it until he had led me up the time-honoured steps of our ancestral home, and begun to assist me to unfasten my great coat.

"How are you, my lad?" he continued, without giving me time to reply to his hearty reception. "Why you look as brown as a berry, and certainly none the worse for your fifteen years' nabobism."

I had just returned to England, after having endured the trying climate of India for fifteen years, and had hastened at once to the old mansion where I had been born, and which was, at the time of my story, in the possession of my eldest brother, Stephen.

Our family bear the honoured name of Stanley, and are a younger branch of the noble house of that name. They had been settled for many centuries in a wild part of the North-west Riding of Yorkshire, upon an estate that was very beautiful from an artistic point view, but very poor from a pecuniary aspect; and consequently many generations of younger sons had been forced to push their way in the world, as I had.

My half-brother Stephen was twelve years older than I was, and had always regarded me with an affection more fatherly than brotherly, delighting in giving me pet names; and even when years of travel had tanned my originally fair complexion and silvered my hair, I was amused by the way in which, upon this our first meeting after many years, he ignored the present, and kept up the old manners and sayings that had characterised him when I was a boy at Stanley House.

A substantial repast was provided for me in the old dining-room, and after I had done justice to it, and the grey-haired butler (who had officiated in my father's time) had brought in the wine, Stephen and I were soon deep in conversation on topics peculiarly interesting to me.

"So you think the old place is changed?" he said musingly in reply to a remark that had fallen from me. "I've not noticed it; but it may be, it may be."

"Indeed it is, Stephen," I said, "and I think you are allowing the best part of the house to fall into decay. Now, in my father's day the west wing——"

"Hush," he cried, interrupting me with a startled look in his eyes. "Don't mention that, for Heaven's sake. *She* loved those rooms."

In a moment I had grasped his hand.

"Forgive me, Stephen," I exclaimed, as the terrible past flashed across my mind, and I saw I had opened an old wound.

"There is nothing to forgive, Alf, my boy," he said, looking into the bright fire with an anxious, troubled face. "You could not know all the horror of that terrible time."

Indeed I could not; for I was but a boy when I went to India. Nevertheless, I had heard sufficient whilst I was there of my brother's unfortunate marriage to convince me of the pain which my allusion to it would give to him.

I had heard how he had married a beautiful girl, and how fondly he had loved her, and how, after three months of married life, she had deserted him. With whom or whither she had gone, no one knew; and her name had become almost a forgotten sound at Stanley House.

I changed the subject of conversation, and tried to make him forget the unpleasant recollections which my words had raised, by relating some of the most amusing adventures that had befallen me whilst abroad; but, though he listened with interest, and seemed to try to shake off the gloom that had settled upon his mind, he never quite regained his wonted cheerfulness during the remainder of the evening, and retired early to rest, excusing himself by saying it was his custom.

Amongst the evils of civilisation which my somewhat stormy passage through life had taught me, that of late hours was by no means the smallest; and, knowing it would be useless for me to turn into bed before midnight, I put on my hat, lit another cigar, and strolled into the grounds to get a breath of fresh air.

It was a fine summer night. The moon was shining brightly from a clear starlit sky. I knew every foot of the ground, and visited many of my favourite haunts; and it must have been after eleven o'clock before I began to think of returning.

My cigar had gone out when I reached the bottom of the long avenue of tall trees, and, beginning to feel chilly, I walked somewhat quickly towards the house, crunching the gravel beneath my feet as I went.

As I drew near the front door my attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of a man bearing a lantern, who had evidently heard my footsteps, for he stopped and awaited my approach. At first I thought he was one of the servants; but upon drawing nearer I was surprised to find it was my brother.

I hastened to speak to him, when, to my great astonishment, after glancing at me eagerly, he turned away without any sign of recognition, and hurried rapidly in the direction of the west wing.

My first intention was to call out after him; but, upon second thought, I decided not to do so; for I was persuaded that he had seen and recognised me, and that

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perhaps my company might not be desired; so I entered the house, and was soon in bed and asleep.

The next morning when I came downstairs, I found Stephen already in the breakfast-room awaiting me. He was standing with his back towards the fire.

"Good-morning, Alf," he said smiling in his cheerful manner. "You are an exception to most lovers of late hours, I see."

"Yes," I replied. "I sleep soundly, and therefore rise early."

"You'll find the nights long and dull here, I'm afraid, after the excitement to which you've been accustomed."

"Oh no, not at all," I said, "There are so many old associations about Stanley House that I think I shall never be dull here. Now, last night I strolled through the grounds, and did not return until close upon midnight."

"These late hours seem to me to be a very stupid custom, and one which I could never cultivate. I think, my boy, that you would have been much wiser if you had turned in when I did, and slept until morning."

"Why, I daresay I was in bed before you."

"In bed before me?" he repeated, with a puzzled look. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say—that I was in bed and asleep before you were, unless you finish your rest and rise before twelve at night."

"You must be joking, Alf," he said incredulously. "I was in bed by nine o'clock, and was up this morning by six."

"Surely you must be mistaken, Stephen; for I met you, or your double at the top of the avenue last night as I was returning to the house."

"Impossible!"

"Indeed, I did. I would have spoken to you, but you hurried away, and I thought you had seen me and wished to be alone."

"It could not have been me. I was never out of the house after seven o'clock."

All that day I was haunted by the recollection of what I had seen on the previous night, and my brother's denial. I had heard singular stories of Stephen being a somnambulist, before I had left England, and could not help wondering if he was still addicted to freaks of that kind; but as I had never seen him walk in his sleep, and as I had only half-believed the tales I had been told, I was not inclined to accept this explanation as a solution of the problem. However, I was determined to solve the mystery.

As soon as all were in bed, therefore, on the night following that on which I had arrived at Stanley House, I again went out into the ground, if I met the mysterious person whom I had seen on the previous night, to follow him and discover who he was.

The moon was shining fitfully from behind the stormy clouds that now and again obscured her disc, and a breeze of wind stirred in the branches of the trees. I paced upon the grass beneath the tall elms that pointed their foliaged branches to the sky.

I had taken up my point of observation just in front of the west wing of the house, which had been so long shut up and left to fall into decay. So great had been my brother's horror lest any portion of it should be touched by human foot, that not only had he boarded up every window and door that had communication without, but he had also caused to be built up every door that had given access from it to the main body of the building.

My head was full of thoughts of my boyhood, as I walked to and fro. I remembered many happy days spent in those rooms, for they had been my father's favourites; and it was not without a pang of regret that I looked at them, deserted and ruinous, simply because a false woman had also loved them.

I had waited until past midnight, and had almost given up my quest as hopeless, and was about to return to the house, when I heard a footstep on the damp gravel approaching.

I drew back into the shadow of the trees, and peered forth into the darkness, for at that moment a thick cloud shut out the light of the moon.

Nearer and nearer the footstep came, and at length the glimmering lantern shone out in the darkness. The man bearing the light went up to the principal entrance of the west wing, where he paused, and a moment later I heard a key shoot back the heavy lock; and the next instant the light and man disappeared as the door closed behind them.

Animated and excited, I stepped quickly, but softly, across the gravel walk to the door, where, for a moment I paused and listened. A footstep was ascending the creaking staircase. I waited until I heard it on the second flight before I tried the door. I found it open, and entered softly, closing it behind me. Before proceeding further, I cautiously took off my boots, and then I ascended the cold clammy stairs that smelt of the tomb.

From the second landing there opened a suite of apartments, which I remembered had been called the strong rooms, because they were in the very heart of the building, had few windows, and only one doorway for ingress or egress. The heavy oak door that opened into these rooms I found was ajar, and a bright light streamed out between the opening.

To my great astonishment, when I entered this room, I heard voices in the apartment beyond. At first I was so amazed that I could not distinguish a single word that was spoken; but as I became calm, and after drawing close to the door of the room from which the sound proceeded, I distinctly heard a woman's voice, in tearful accents, saying:

"Oh, if you love me, deliver me from this place! What have I done that I should be forced to bear this punishment? Have I not loved with a true woman's love? Speak to me. Do not look at me with eyes so glassy that they seem to see not. Give me one word, that I may hear you as the same Stephen that you were before this fearful malady overtook you. Let me again see the light of heaven, and the faces of my friends."

I crept softly nearer to the door, and got into a position from which I could partly distinguish the occupants of the room and their surroundings. It was a handsomely furnished apartment, half-boudoir, half-drawing-room.

Every luxury which the heart or brain could desire was scattered about in endless variety. In the centre of the floor stood my brother; but with such a strange, wicked, frenzied expression on his face, that, had I not known his features well, I should have thought it could not be he. Before him knelt a woman whose face was buried in her hands.

"You shall not leave me thus!" she cried as he turned to go. "I must, I will have my liberty!"

She had started to her feet, and ran to the door. But Stephen, still without any change in his fixed, staring countenance, seized her roughly by the arm, and pushed her from him, and walked quickly towards the door

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I had hardly time to draw back into the shadow of a heavy curtain, when he entered the room where I was, and walked quickly across to the landing, closing this last door after him, and locking it.

Thus I found myself also a prisoner. I heard his footstep descend the stairs, and then the sound died slowly away.

For a few moments I stood puzzled as to what course I should pursue. I knew it would be useless to attempt to force the massive lock, or when morning came to try to attract the outer world; for, as I have said, the rooms were strongly built and situated in the very heart of the west wing, and the few windows which had of yore let in the light of heaven to them had been filled up with strong masonry.

I was roused from my thoughts by a sob from the occupant of the next chamber. Going up to the door which Stephen had closed behind him, I knocked, and then entered.

My tap had evidently not been heard, for I found the graceful form seated in a chair in an attitude which betokened despair, her arms upon the table, her head leaning forward, and her beautiful, dishevelled hair falling in waving folds about her.

"Madam."

I had walked up to her, and placed my hand upon her shoulder.

"Oh!" and she turned towards me her pale, tearful, horror-stricken face, then shrank away in fear, "Who are you? Pray do not hurt me. I know I am helpless."

It was some time before I could convince her that I was really a friend; for so long had she been buried in these rooms that her mind had become almost unhinged, and her sense of perception blunted. By degrees, however, I made her understand who I was, and how I had so come there; and then, in answer to my questions, I gleaned the history of her captivity.

When my brother married her she was a handsome young girl of eighteen, and he was verging on the period of middle age. For three months after their marriage he had been kind and attentive—all, in fact, that a wife could desire of her husband. Just at the end of that time, however, he discovered, accidentally, several letters which had been written by her before her marriage, to a former lover; and for some days afterwards he was moody, jealous, and strange in his conduct.

One night he entered her room with that fixed, frenzied, wicked look upon his face which she had never seen there before, but which had marred his features in all her interviews with him since, and directed her by signs to follow him, a mandate which in her terror she readily obeyed. He conducted her to a gloomy chamber, lighted only by a small oil lamp, and then left her, locking the door behind him. At intervals, for some weeks afterwards, he visited her bringing food and clothing with him; but always coming in the night, and bearing himself in a silent, changed, peculiar manner. At length he led her back again to her own suite of apartments (those in which I had discovered her) where, during her absence, all the windows had been built up, thus cutting off communication with the outer world. Here he had visited her almost every night since, bringing her the necessaries of life, coming like an apparition, and going as he came.

"I think those foolish letters of mine," she said in conclusion, "written before I had learnt to love my husband, have turned his brain. I was warned before I married him that he was affected by a peculiar malady of sleep-walking, and that when under its influence he not only lost complete control of his reason, but also seemed to live a double life. When awake he was generous, frank and good; but when in a somnambulant state, I was told, he was morose, jealous, wicked—in a word, insane; and that in his waking hours he had no recollection of what took place, or what he did when in this latter state."

Fortunately I found I had my powder-flask in my pocket, and thus was able to set myself and my unfortunate brother's wife, at liberty, by exploding the locks.

I took my *protégée* to the rectory where the rector, who was an old college friend of mine, was not a little surprised to receive such visitors at so early an hour.

Before returning to Stanley House, I rode on the rector's cob to my brother's doctor, who lived about three miles away, and consulted him upon Stephen's sad condition.

He told me that he was quite aware of the facts of the case, but that he had not for a moment thought the malady could have been capable of working so much mischief.

He suggested that in all probability a crisis in the disease would now be reached, brought about by the mental shock which the discovery of the escape of the captive would give when next the somnambulist visited the west wing.

The result of this crisis would either leave him a hopeless maniac or completely cure him.

At the doctor's request I arranged to meet him the same night at twelve o'clock, in order to watch my brother's movements.

I then rode back to the rectory, and from there proceeded at once to Stanley House.

After resting in my room for a short while, I came downstairs, and found Stephen more cheerful and genial than usual, all unconscious, poor fellow, of the fate hanging over him.

At night my brother retired to rest at his usual time, and I went out into the grounds to meet the doctor, about an hour and a half afterwards.

When I met him we proceeded to the west wing together, to watch the effect of the shock of discovery upon the patient. As soon as we reached the door, I saw that Stephen had been there before us, for the door was ajar.

With a heart that beat fast with my fears, I hurried into the house, and was about to run upstairs, when I stumbled over some obstacle at the bottom. The doctor, who was following closely, carried a dark lantern, and its light soon revealed to us the bleeding form of my unhappy brother.

"He is dead," the doctor said, rising from his knees, after making a hasty examination of the body. "In his frenzy he must have dashed himself down the stairs. Poor fellow! we have been too late to save him!"

* * * * *

Five years have fled since that time. Stanley House has been newly painted and renovated, and again holds a happy bride and bridegroom. A fair face looks over my shoulder as I write, and drops a tear upon the paper that contains a history of her sorrows. But a smile flits about her lips as I kiss her; and we look out together upon the beautiful scene, in the midst of which stands our home, and forget the darkness of the past in the brightness of the future.

T. P. BROWNE.

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THE SAILORS' ANGEL.

THE story of Henrik Brandes and Maria Hansen is still told occasionally by some of the older people of the inland district lying between Christiania and Bergen, although the younger generations do not pay much regard to it. It is a story of simple faith and love that is worthy to be kept in remembrance.

Henrik was a sailor; he came of a sea-faring family and had taken to that kind of life as part of the natural order of things. Although only a young man, he was master of a small craft that traded between Drammen and other ports of Scandinavia and sometimes to a British port. Henrik's father owned one-third part of the vessel, which in some measure accounted for the position occupied by his son, but there was no doubt that Henrik was as capable as many an older man.

Maria was his cousin. Her parents were dead, her mother having died about two years before this story commences; since that time she had acted as housekeeper to her uncle, who was a widower.

It had been a settled thing for years that Henrik and Maria were to become man and wife in due course; the young people themselves had grown up together and were deeply attached to one another. The marriage was to take place on the return of Henrik from his voyage to England.

Before he sailed, they stood at the extremity of a rocky peak that jutted into the sea and had their real parting, for when he sailed there would be so many to say farewell to the crew and the captain that there would be no opportunity for the affectionate leave taking that helped to cheer them during the time of separation. Not that among these simple people there was any false modesty, but a lover's parting is not for public eyes.

There was also another reason. Maria had noticed with some concern that Henrik, probably in consequence of his voyages abroad and his contact with more worldly people, was losing some of the faith so characteristic of his forefathers and his neighbours. She conceived it to be a part of her duty as a woman and his future wife to bring him back to his old belief.

The conversation during this final interview had not been so satisfactory to Maria as she had anticipated. Henrik, although he had listened to her patiently enough, had smiled at her enthusiasm in endeavouring to show him that he was taking a wrong path.

"There is nothing against me; no one can say that Henrik Brandes ever did a wrong act," he said, folding her tenderly in his arms and kissing her, "and I promise you that no one shall ever have the chance of saying so! now, don't grieve because I do not think the same as other people hereabouts. Surely I am no worse because I do not place any confidence in what our neighbours say about that piece of rock out there in the sea, which they call the Sailors' Angel."

"Oh, Henrik, don't scoff at it!" exclaimed Maria, half in tears, "it has not lost its virtue; it is because no woman of recent years has had the courage to face the danger of rowing out to it in a storm, that we have had no proofs of Divine intervention. Do we not know of many instances in olden times when a sailor husband or a sailor lover has been rescued from the fury of the storm because his wife or his sweetheart had the courage and faith to put the Promise to the test?"

Henrik evaded an answer, which he knew would grieve her, by kissing her once more. He knew the legend of the Sailors' Angel quite well; it was to the effect that, as a reward for the holy living of a good woman who had spent her life in the service of God and had met with her death on that very rock in a successful attempt to save the crew of a storm-beaten vessel, a Promise was given that if a believing woman ever risked her life by rowing in a storm to that spot, and there offered up a prayer for the safety of a fellow creature, the prayer should be granted.

"I trust that you will never be in such grave danger," cried Maria fervently, "but if you are, I shall put the Promise to the test! Then you will see who is right!"

"So be it!" exclaimed Henrik solemnly. He was touched by her devotion and his levity vanished. "Now let us go back and spend the last hour or two with my father."

Henrik sailed, and Maria waited hopefully for his return and employed her spare time in the preparation of the humble trousseau and other matters pertaining to the wedding which was now not very far off.

Often and often she looked out to sea in the direction of the Sailors' Angel, and her imagination transformed the pinnacle of the rock into the shape of a woman gazing pityingly on the vast expanse of ocean, as though prepared to take compassion on those for whom her aid might be invoked.

She had been out with her father on one occasion in order to get a closer view of the imaginary statue; it did not lie in the course of vessels coming to the port, but was at some distance out of the usual run and therefore offered no danger to such vessels in a general way. There was nothing particularly noticeable about the rock; it was not altogether unlike a rough hewn figure of a woman —but that was all.

Yet the legend had sunk so deeply into the minds of the people that everyone who looked at it was positive that it presented the outlines of the face and form of an angel.

Henrik's voyage was to last at least a fortnight; he had to touch at other Scandinavian ports before proceeding to the British port which was the limit of his trip. The weather remained fine during the first week, but then there came a change, the winter's storms seemed to commence and each day was signalled by furious gales or heavy snow showers.

Maria felt a little anxious during the first two days of this second week, but her anxiety became more profound as the time passed and the weather grew still more furious. She began to fear for the safety of Henrik, whose craft should now be forcing its way through the turbulent waters homewards.

Henrik was losing the religious faith in which he had been reared, and Maria had misgivings that this falling-off might bring upon him some heavy punishment. She lost her appetite and slept but little, her cheeks became high and her face assumed a haggard look. This alteration in her appearance and manner

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attracted the attention of her uncle, who rallied her in his hearty and kindly fashion on her lack of fortitude.

"You'll never do for a sailor's wife, my lass!" he cried cheerily. "If you are down-hearted at every storm that rises when Henrik is away, what a lively companion you will be for me! come, come! you must cheer up or the lad will be miserable while he is away just because he thinks that you are worrying yourself so much about him. It will be catching; and you will be a most wretched pair."

Maria was grateful to the old man for his attempt to cheer her and she recognised that a sailor is not bound to come to harm every time there is a gale of wind; but her fears this time were based on more than the chances of danger through stress of weather, and although she did her best to be bright when in the presence of the elder Brandes, to whom she could not open her heart, yet she grew more and more troubled until she could scarcely bear the weight of her fears.

The fortnight had passed, but Henrik's ship had not reached port. This was not regarded as extraordinary by his father, as the rough weather would naturally drive the vessel somewhat out of her course and so lengthen the duration of the voyage.

"Bless you, I've been three or four days overdue at this time of the year!" cried the old man. "It's rough work, beating and tacking, but he'll turn up all right, never fear!"

Disquieting news reached them on the following day. An English vessel, apparently driven out of her course, had struck a rock quite close to the Sailors' Angel and had foundered with all hands. Might not a similar fate befall Henrik?

Maria did not close her eyes in sleep that night, but lay listening to the howling of the wind as it drove the thickly falling snow flakes against the windows and shook the houses. The roar of the angry sea sounded in her ears like a condemning voice, foretelling the doom of Henrik, his crew and his vessel. At last she could bear it no longer. Her white face set with grim determination, she arose and dressed herself.

It was early morning and still dark. She went from her room straight to that in which her uncle was sleeping, and entering the chamber and approaching the bed she touched him lightly on the arm that lay outside the coverlet. Brandes was awake in a moment.

"Who's that?" he asked, starting up in bed. "Maria, what is it?" he demanded, as he recognised the girl by the light of the small lamp which she carried.

"Will you help me to get out the boat?" asked Maria, answering his question by another which fairly made him gasp.

"I am going to the Sailors' Angel to save Henrik," continued the girl resolutely. "He is in great danger—I know he is—and I must go there and offer up a prayer that he may be saved."

"The girl's mad!" exclaimed Brandes as soon as he recovered sufficiently from his amazement to use his voice.

He was not entirely uninfluenced by the legend and yet it appeared to him to be the act of a madwoman to attempt such a task as that proposed by Maria.

"You can't go, you will never do it!"

"I can try," responded Maria quietly. "Don't try to keep me from it; I am determined. I must do it; I cannot rest, for Henrik's life is at stake. I have a vision constantly floating before my eyes—a vision of Henrik's ship being beaten this way and that way by the fury of the gale and then dashed against a rock, and Henrik's body being thrown up by the waves, waiting to be grasped by a loving hand. And the hungry waves are trying to reach him again and swallow him up. Oh, I must go, I must go!"

The girl stood erect, with staring eyes as though she were gazing at the actual picture which she had just described in such intense tones to her uncle.

Her voice seemed far away; she had forgotten her surroundings and her whole being was absorbed in the vision.

Uncle Brandes was unable to raise any further objection; he looked upon her as one who had passed from the natural to the supernatural, and told her that he would follow her to the place where the boat was kept.

"Heaven keep her!" murmured the old man devoutly, as he hurriedly dressed himself and went after the girl, who, having put on a rough waterproof cap and an ample cloak, had passed from the little cottage into the wild night.

The boat belonged to Brandes and was kept in a shed from which it could be dragged with tolerable ease by its owner to a tiny inlet, and thence rowed into the open sea.

Brandes found the girl waiting for him at the shed; without a word he unlocked the door and pulled the boat over the ground, Maria voluntarily assisting him.

When it was in the water with the rope wound round a peg, ready for Maria to get into it, the old man made one more attempt to dissuade her.

"Don't go, my girl!" he pleaded. "You will be drowned, the boat won't live in such a sea—your arms aren't strong enough. Think what that will be to Henrik when he comes back!"

He had to place his mouth close to her ear and speak in a high tone in order to make her hear what he said.

The wind blew the sound away so that she only just caught the words.

She shook her head.

"I must go or he won't come back! What will life be to me without Henrik, and I would go anyhow—even if I knew that I should surely lose my life in saving his."

Her face, wet with the snow flakes, touched his. She kissed him and then resolutely took her seat in the boat.

Maria Hansen was of the fisher class and was as strong as many a man in the trading towns. She knew how to handle the oar, too, and she soon had the skiff out of the calm of the inlet, with the stem headed for the Sailors' Angel.

Then began the fierce battle with the waves and the blinding snow. Hither and thither the boat was tossed or driven, despite all Maria's efforts to keep it steady. She could only judge the direction of the rock by a light which was visible from time to time from the port of Drammen, and by the aid of this light she kept the nose of the boat towards her destination.

It was hard work, and the chances of reaching the rock in safety were very narrow; but Maria never wavered in her determination. Time after time it seemed as if the barque would be swamped, but it righted itself each time and rode on the crest of the next wave.

Her hands grew cold and stiff, notwithstanding the hard work, which would, under ordinary conditions have made her life tingle all through her body.

But there is a limit to human endurance, although that limit may be extended by the force of love, and Maria found that her strength was giving out. Her

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arms ached and refused to do their work properly; her breath came in short, quick gasps.

A low moan escaped her and she breathed a prayer for help, as one oar was dragged from her enfeebled grip and the boat was whirled round like a plaything.

The next instant she felt her frail craft grate on the rock, and she was thrown out and some distance from it.

She clutched at a projection against which her hand had struck, and pulled herself up by it. She made a few steps forward and found herself in a kind of recess not more than two feet deep, and she knew that she had reached the Sailors' Angel.

She rested in this alcove for a short time in order to regain her breath and a little more strength, then she faced the storm again and made her way to the front of the legendary statue.

Here, in the midst of the storm and with the angry waves foaming on all sides, she knelt down, clasped her hands and murmured a prayer to Heaven that the Promise might be redeemed in favour of Henrik.

Unmindful of the elements, she prayed with all her soul, never doubting that she would receive the reward of her efforts and her faith.

Then she arose, went back to the alcove and waited. She had taken no thought about the return journey and, strangely enough, she felt no anxiety on that score. She would wait until the storm abated, when someone would come for her—her boat was gone—and when she reached home she would find Henrik safe and well. Or perhaps Henrik would come and fetch her.

She remained in this recess, sheltered from the weather to a considerable extent, until mid-day; two or three times she ventured to the front in order to gaze upon the face of the statue, as if she expected to see some sign of an answer to her supplication.

At noon she made this little journey again, but scarcely had she reached the front than a big wave threw something at her feet that made her start back with a cry of alarm.

She stooped down to examine the object. It was a human form. It was Henrik!

With a cry that was more like an exclamation of gratitude than an expression of fear or grief, she caught her lover's form by the arms, lifting his head from the ground, and dragged it to the alcove.

Here she did her best to restore the unconscious Henrik by every means in her power, and at last had the great joy of seeing him open his eyes and hearing him murmur her name.

At the same moment the fury of the storm began to abate; the wind sank, the air grew calm and the sun began to peep forth in watery rays.

The Promise was redeemed once more—such was the thought that passed through the mind of Maria Hansen.

As soon as it was in any way possible to do so, old Brandes and a friend set out in another boat to the Sailors' Angel in search of Maria; her uncle was convinced that she had gone down in the storm, but he made this little voyage as a forlorn hope. When Brandes returned, he brought with him, to the great joy of the people, his son Henrik, and the girl who had done so much for Henrik's safety.

Such is the story of a girl's faith and the power of love.

Some people there are who call it superstition, but if superstition can effect so much with the aid of love, then let superstition continue.

GEORGE KNIGHT.

On a cold winter night,

when the chill seems to penetrate to the bones, "a cup of hot Bovril" will be found to be just what is needed. It is a splendid warming drink, thoroughly agreeable to the taste. Bovril is also peculiarly a nourishing and strengthening beverage; energising, vitalising, sustaining.

If you feel weak or chilly, a cup of hot Bovril will speedily effect a transformation.

BOVRIL

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A SCOTCH GIRAFFE.

Mr. McGregor, of Dumfries, is a man of an original turn of mind. It should be mentioned that his name is not McGregor, and that his foot has never been on the heath of Dumfries. His real name and residence cannot be mentioned without inflicting pain and libel suits on the mentioner. However, the facts in his case cannot be altered by calling him McGregor, and they will remain the same, no matter where he may reside, and it is with these facts alone that the reader is concerned.

Not long ago there was a quiet little masquerade at Dumfries, which Mr. McGregor was invited to attend. He gladly accepted the invitation, and at once began to think of a fitting costume. Mr. McGregor is a man of strong individuality, and he scorned the disguises affected by other men. He refused to be a Mephistopheles, or a Charles II., or a brigand, or a Pierrot. He even refused to be a golden-haired ballet girl, or an aged Hebrew prophet, although the child of Israel who supplied masquerade dresses to the fashionable world of Dumfries insisted that either of those characters would "shoot him like a goat." Mr. McGregor was determined to wear a costume which should be novel and unique, and, as the sequel shows, he successfully carried out his purpose.

At first Mr. McGregor's tastes led him to entertain the idea of illustrating in his own person the peculiar features of his beloved Scotland. He thought of disguising himself either as the Forth Bridge or as Stirling Castle, but the difficulty of obtaining the requisite dresses compelled him to change his mind. A like reason caused him to abandon the idea of assuming the character of Loch Lomond, or that of the Bass Rock. Baffled in these directions, but still strong in his love of nature, he determined to be an attractive and sensational animal, and when the masqueraders were finally assembled he appeared before them in the likeness of a large and beautiful giraffe.

According to the most trustworthy accounts of the masquerade, Mr. McGregor played his part with great ability and success. His hide was beautifully variegated, his neck was fully fifteen feet long, and the grace and elegance of all four of his legs was the theme of universal admiration.

When he waltzed he would take a round turn and a timber hitch (he was an experienced yatchsman), with his neck round the waist of his partner, and when the supper table was ready he would reach that useful neck over the heads of a dozen gentlemen and bite off the top of a mould of vanilla ice in a way that paralysed the waiters and called forth the applauding shrieks of enthusiastic ladies.

It was in the matter of champagne that Mr. McGregor made his first mistake. He claimed that his throat could not be irrigated throughout its entire length without the aid of at least three bottles of wine. Very likely he was right if we regard his conduct from a strictly zoological point of view. An animal that runs so largely to neck as does the giraffe cannot be expected to moisten his throat with the same quantity of fluid that would satisfy a short-necked horse, or even an ordinary man. But Mr. McGregor forgot that, although he was a giraffe, so far as external experiences were concerned, his stomach was purely human.

As might have been expected, it came to pass that when Mr. McGregor had burdened his interior with the contents of at least three bottles of champagne he became nervously excited, and, after creating considerable alarm among the more timid guests, he withdrew from the ball-room, banging his lofty head against the chandelier and the upper part of the door-casing, and breathing forth threatenings and slaughter from a carefully-concealed but practicable mouth, situated near the top of his left foreleg.

Under other circumstances Mr. McGregor would have gone promptly home, but knowing that his landlady would refuse to give admittance to a giraffe at three o'clock in the morning unless he should be provided with the best references from the Royal Zoological Society, Mr. McGregor sought the shelter of a friendly tree on the outskirts of Dumfries, where he lay down to sleep. The night was cold, and therefore Mr. McGregor preferred to keep on his dress, especially as his neck, when folded up, made a smooth pillow.

Thus comfortably couched, he slept the sleep of the just, and would doubtless have awakened sober and refreshed had not an unforeseen accident suddenly impelled him to spring to as many of his feet as he could conveniently manage, and to call on the universe to bear witness that he had been basely and brutally assassinated.

It so happened that the morning after the masquerade a young man from London, who was spending a week at Dumfries, arose at dawn, and went forth with his gun to worship at the shrine of Nature, and to kill, if possible, a pheasant or a haggis. He was wholly unacquainted with the game of Scotland, but he knew that other men had killed birds somewhere north of the Tweed, and he saw no reason why he should not do likewise.

To his vast astonishment he presently beheld a giraffe sleeping peacefully under a spreading oak-tree.

The young man from London was not lacking in decision of character. He merely paused long enough to remark to himself that the capacity of Scotland for producing every kind of rich and gorgeous animal was even greater than he had hitherto imagined it to be, and then opened fire with both barrels.

At the first shot the giraffe moved uneasily, and made a few unintelligible remarks, but the second shot hit him in some sensitive locality, and led him to make that hurried appeal to the universe which has already been mentioned. The young man from London would doubtless have regarded the ability of this particular giraffe to speak intelligibly, or, at all events in the local dialect, as only another proof of the merits of Scotland as a producer of able animals, and would have reloaded his gun and continued to shoot had not Mr. McGregor madly torn his neck from his shoulders, unbuttoned his hide, and emerged in the character of an irate Caledonian.

The young man from London was soon convinced that he had made a mistake. He ceased firing, and, after making an apology to Mr. McGregor, withdrew from the field in search of brown paper and vinegar, while Mr. McGregor limped homeward with a wound in the calf of his right leg and bitterness in his heart, and lost no time in going before a commissioner of deeds, or other person authorised to administer oaths, in whose presence he swore that he would never again attend a masquerade or wear a fancy dress.

W. E. Parsons.

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A Village Industry.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago an attempt was made in the village of Histon, near Cambridge, to solve the problem, how to make land pay in the face of foreign competition? The country was then at one of its educational epochs. We were being taught the vast food and health value of fruit. Incidentally, also, we were slowly gaining the knowledge that pure sugar, properly treated, was one of the greatest nutrients, in a small compass, with which man has been blessed. Further, that sugar and fruit in combination—when the latter is fresh, ripe, and luscious—makes a most valuable addition to our daily dietary, especially to that of children. The firm gradually expanded until they are now the largest fruit-cultivating jam and jelly makers in Great Britain. The watchwords have been *pure and fresh material*, with the most positive cleanliness in the manufacturing processes. And

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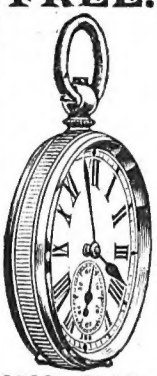

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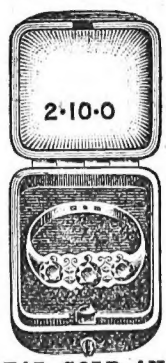

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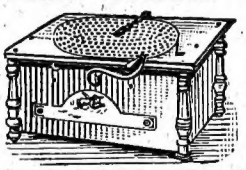

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2nd Prize - - - - £10 Note
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6th to 20th Prizes - 15 Sovereigns
21st to 40th Prizes - 20 Half-Sovs.

Below will be found ten pictures; each picture representing the name of a football club.

If you look at the picture in the margin you will see that the name is Blackburn Rovers. What are the other names?

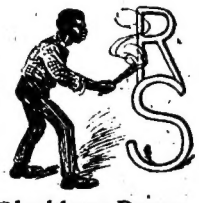
CLOSING DAY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 22nd.

All you have to do is to write underneath each picture, in the space provided, the name of the club you believe the picture to represent. The names are those of both Rugby and Association clubs. **Pin your three lists together and send them to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in an envelope marked "Second."**

Where the names of two clubs embody that of the same town, but with a different addition, the full title is indicated in the picture.

The prizes will be paid to the competitors from whom we receive the correct, or most nearly correct, solutions.

Example.



Blackburn Rovers.

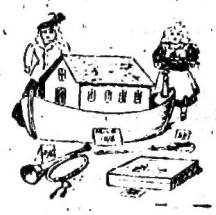
No more than one prize will go to any competitor.

It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

Intending competitors in the above would do well to procure a copy of "The Football Who's Who," which contains the names of most of the big clubs. This book will be found of great service in discovering the names depicted. It only costs a shilling, and may be obtained of all booksellers, and post free for 1s. 3d. from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

No. 21.....

No. 22.....



No. 23.....

No. 24.....

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2. Do not send in your coupons till we tell you.
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4. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other places at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.

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MORE ABOUT - -

Mr. HALL CAINE'S

- NEW NOVEL.

In our last issue we made an announcement which has doubtless been received with much satisfaction by the readers of *SHORT STORIES*. We were in the happy position of being able to announce the fact that we had been fortunate enough to secure the serial rights of Mr. Hall Caine's New Novel, and that it would appear exclusively in the pages of our new Magazine for Ladies which will appear on January 10th next.

"THE ETERNAL CITY" is one of those deeply engrossing stories which seem to hold the attention from first to last. Like most, one might say all, that this popular Novelist has written, this new work is of intense human interest; it is a story which will be much talked about, and doubtless there will be no little controversy on its account, but all will admit that underlying it are problems of vital importance to humanity, problems which have through the ages engaged the earnest thought of all social reformers.

As in "The Christian," there is a romantic side to "THE ETERNAL CITY." We think it will be generally acknowledged when this story is given in full, that it is the finest thing Mr. Hall Caine has yet written, and those who have read any of his works will know that that is saying a good deal.

Remember, there will be a large instalment in the first issue of "THE LADY'S MAGAZINE," which will be on sale on January 10th. Order at once, as there will only be a limited edition.

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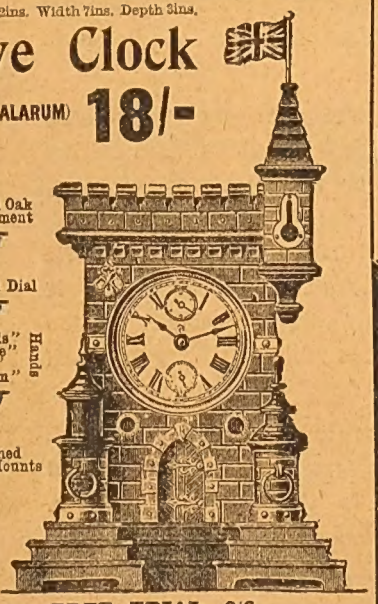

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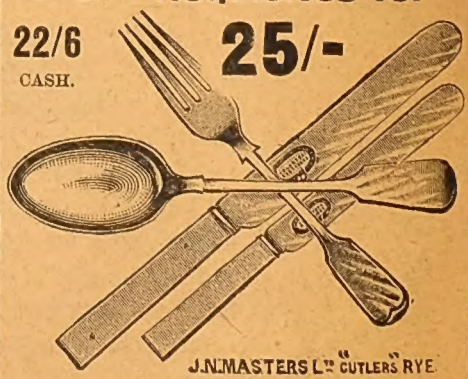

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